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Friday, May 20, 1977

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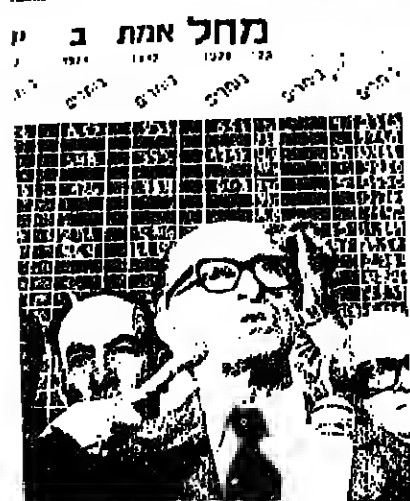
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Cover: Menachem Begin, making his victory speech, flanked by Simha Ehrlich and Yigal Morozov. Photo by Rubinger.

In this issue

Yosef Goell analyses the unforeseen outcome of the elections.

Eliaz Goodman examines the arguments for and against Israeli independence in the production of ornaments.

Sophio Kohn looks at a controversial Israeli entry to the Cannes Film Festival.

Haim Shapiro enquires into springtime allergies.

The Art Pages. Gil Goldfine visits the New York collection of modern drawings at the Tel Aviv Museum and does the round of the local galleries. Meir Ruinen sees the new shows in Jerusalem.

Louis Rapoport gives the background to the bloody struggle in Eritrea. Pictures by Jean-Claude Frencoeur.

The Book Section. General reviews include: some essays on the contemporary novel; a history of British Vogue; two specialist guides to London; the book of a popular TV series; a selection of romantic fiction. Books of local interest: a portrait of the Knesset; a young American in search of the Messiah; a Middle East travelogue; Louis I. Rabinowitz's Torah and Flora collection.

Haig Dudman finds jobs in Saudi Arabia for our university graduates. Caleb's Column by N. David Gross.

Ephraim Kishon decides to write some animal stories.

Mendel Kohnsky reviews Habimah's production of a Brecht play.

Martha Meisels goes marketing on the beaten track. Haim Shapiro cooks a kugel for Shavuot.

A post-election Dry Bones.

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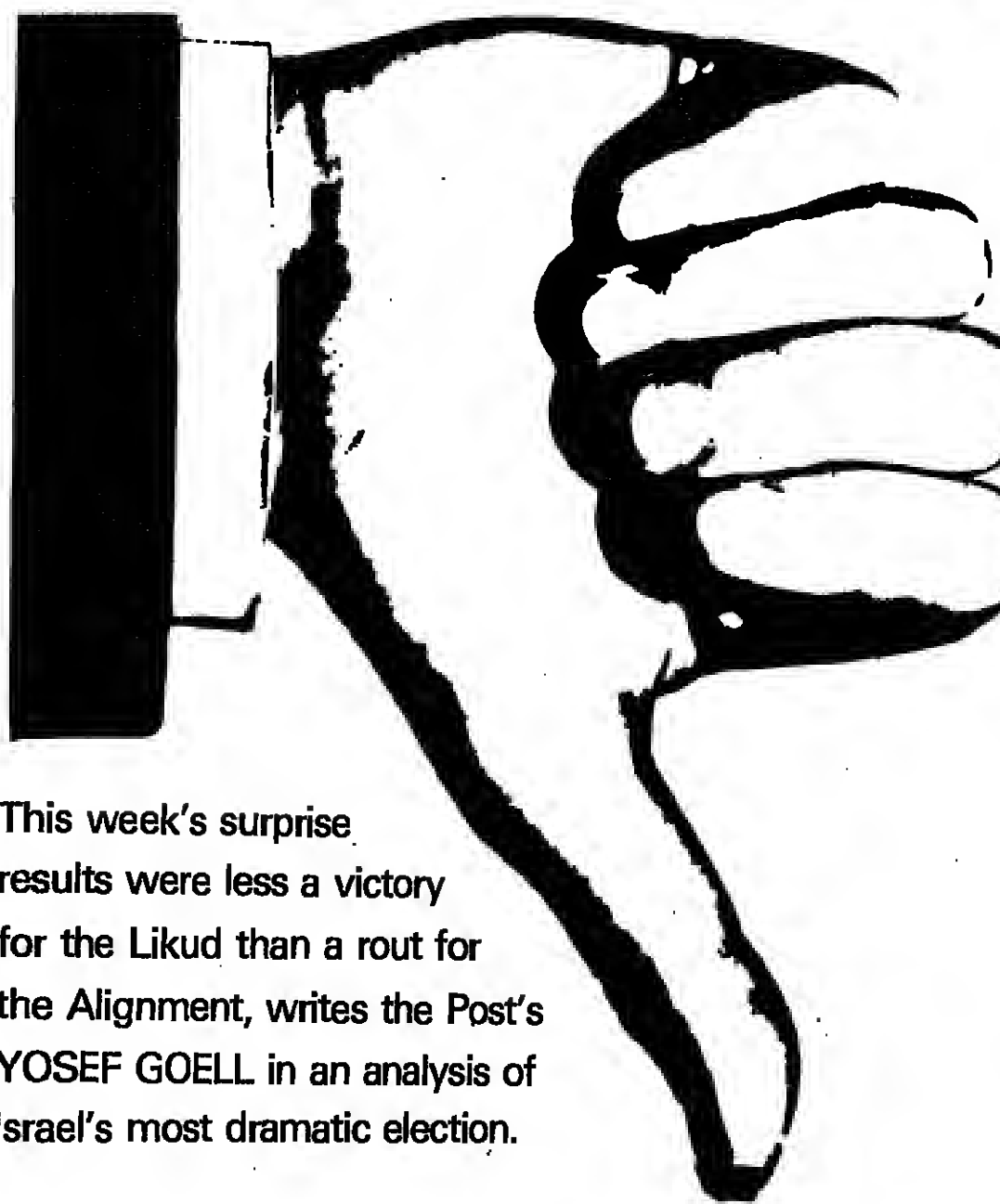
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A CLASSICAL NEGATIVE VOTE



This week's surprise results were less a victory for the Likud than a rout for the Alignment, writes the Post's YOSEF GOELL in an analysis of Israel's most dramatic election.

OF THE SMALL minority of countries in the world that can be considered democratic, Israel has been one of the most democratic, both in regard to its society and its political system — with one flaw. In its 28 years of existence, it never experienced the transfer of political power from one party to another as the result of elections — one of the distinguishing features of democratic systems. The results of Tuesday's "earthquake" elections have removed that last flaw. If the exact composition of the next coalition government is still unclear, one thing is certain: it will be impossible to form any government without the Likud. Whatever one may think of the results, one of their aspects should be welcome from the theoretical standpoint of what elections should do: on Tuesday, the electorate did not shilly-shally but gave a clear mandate to the Likud and like-minded parties to govern the country.

In trying to assess the meaning of such a dramatic election — or any election for that matter — there is always the temptation of presuming to interpret what the aggregate vote indicates. It is idle to attempt an armchair analysis of the motivations of 1.8 million voters. But a look at the aggregate figures does make at least one thing clear, while providing some basis for some intelligent guesswork as to a number of others.

Without seeking to denigrate Mr. Begin's long-hoped-for triumph, the fact is that the elections were less a victory for the Likud than a rout for the Labour Alignment. The Alignment lost 18 or 19 seats, the biggest single change that ever occurred in an Israeli election. It is instructive to note, however, that the defecting voters, who accounted for these seats, showered their electoral largesse on a plethora of other parties, but hardly any of it fell to the major opposition party, the Likud, which gained only two seats more than its total for the Right Knesset.

TUESDAY'S VOTE WAS a classical negative vote. Why did over a quarter of a million voters turn against the Alignment? The built-in factors of such an electoral situation should not be overlooked to the rush to judge the issues. Twenty-nine years in power is more than long enough for any electorate to get tired of one party and its idiosyncratic weaknesses. It had to happen sometime, and it happened in 1977.

Demographic, ethnic and social factors were also at work. A number of studies have shown that younger, less educated voters have tended to vote for the Likud and against the Alignment in recent elections. And these elements have been growing in size in recent years. But there were also the issues. Various studies and polls have shown that the electorate tended to support the Labour government in its foreign policy. It was the repeated fiascos on the economic front, and was unwilling to endure several more years of 40 per cent inflation, which it attributed to the Alignment.

The corruption issue also took its toll, and perhaps even more important than the acts of corruption themselves, was the insensate attitude of Labour Party leaders to this issue. Prime Minister Peres, who spoke of Abba Eban being an important earner of foreign currency for the State, and Yitzhak Ben-

Aharon, who spoke of Mr. Rabin's bank account troubles as a regrettable matter of "slipping on a banana peel."

One of the most effective Likud slogans coined in the campaign was: "What else has to happen to persuade you to vote against the Alignment?"

Two things that did happen in the last few weeks of the campaign, which may have contributed to the change of allegiance, were the bad news on U.S. policy statements and actions, and the State Comptroller's findings on the Army. The Yom Kippur War has not been pushed so far back into the voters' subconscious that they can accept with equanimity Mr. Peres's suggestion that no one "get worked up" over the Comptroller's findings.

In regard to the statements and actions of the Carter Administration, there is little hard evidence to suggest that the fears they aroused in Israel necessarily worked in favour of the Likud. But it is quite certain that they did help the Alignment, despite reports that indicated American

preference for an Alignment electoral win.

How then to explain why the Carter Administration did not hold off its disturbing statements on the borders and the Palestinian question until after May 17? Some of it may be laid at the door of the new Administration's political inexperience. But some may also be due to a Machiavellian streak in President Carter, whereby he struck back at an Alignment government that reputedly supported Ford and not him last November.

One is still left with the troubling question of why all the pollsters were so wide off the mark. Part of the answer lies in the very high percentage of those who were "undecided" right up to election day. The pollsters tended to ignore this factor, or to divide the undecideds between the major parties. In the event, the undecideds seemed to have voted en masse against the Alignment. But that in itself is not enough of an answer. It appears to be certain that many people included in the polled samples deliberately misled their questioners, probably

from an innate fear of admitting, even to themselves, that they were going to vote against the government.

BE THAT AS IT MAY, the upshot is that Mr. Begin will be the next Prime Minister. Early on Wednesday morning, Mr. Begin announced that he would appeal to all the Zionist parties to join in a coalition of national unity. While this should not necessarily be written off as a *pro forma* declaration, there is relatively little chance of such a broad coalition. Lova Ellav of Shelli has already rejected it, as has Mapam, whose future in an Alignment in opposition is also questionable.

At the time of writing, it is not yet clear whether the Likud will be able to form a comfortable coalition without the Democratic Movement for Change. The Likud, NRP, Poalei Aguda, Aguda, Shlomzion and ILP may have enough seats for a bare majority. Likud's Number Two man, Simha Ehrlich, has already stated that under no circumstances would he agree to include Flatto-Sharon in a coalition. Including

the Aguda factions with their unbending attitudes on religious issues may be even more problematic from the point of view of the Liberal and Le'Am factions in the Likud.

Without the Aguda there is no alternative but to base a Likud-led coalition on the improbable duo of the NRP and the DMC. The difficulties the Likud would have in getting the DMC and the NRP to pull together, could pale the Labour Party's previous coalition-building problems into insignificance.

Here, the sticking point may well be the NRP's insistence on getting the Ministry of Education, a perennial demand that was always disdainfully rejected by the Alignment. Mr. Begin might agree, but he would then come up against opposition from the Liberals and even from within Herut itself.

THE MAIN problems that can be expected in the formation of a Likud-DMC coalition stem from the fact that both are completely new to power and that the necessary haggling may mean compromising hallowed principles.

The crucial factor will probably not be differences on the territories. There is no need for the DMC to put its foot down against the Likud and NRP stands on annexation of the West Bank and on encouraging Israeli settlements there. President Carter's foot will suffice. The question is whether Mr. Begin will prove flexible enough to realize this, before the event, so as to work out a smooth formula on the territories that can accommodate the DMC. Mr. Begin has never before been in a position of having to balance the considerations of power and of principle, and no one can even guess as to which side he will come down on, or how he will juggle the two.

The DMC may prove just as difficult. Prof. Yadin has continued to reiterate his seven conditions for joining any coalition. The DMC should not have much trouble over three or four of these demands with the Likud, and, as noted, President Carter may well dispose of the foreign policy issue. The most troublesome point may well prove to be the DMC's insistence on electoral reform coupled with a commitment to new elections in two years.

Given a graduation to political pragmatism on the part of both parties, even this question may well be papered over with some well-turned and ambiguous formula. The question is whether the two parties will prove capable of graduating to such pragmatic politics.

In any case, it is highly unlikely that final action will be taken on the formation of a coalition before the Knesset elections on June 21. Given the landslide proportions of Tuesday's vote, it is not unthinkable that the Likud, the DMC and the ILP factions may win a majority in the traditional Labour stronghold. If that occurs, it may give added impetus to a Likud-DMC compromise in the formation of a government coalition.

On the other hand, the Knesset elections may also serve as an outlet for voters who balloted against the Alignment on Tuesday but now feel remorse at the consequences of their determination to punish the Alignment.

IT IS A completely new ball game. As one weary television anchorman said early on Wednesday morning: "It will take a lot of getting used to." □

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THE ARMS IMBROGLIO

ACCORDING to a recent issue of *Pravda*, Shimon Peres is supposed to have stated the following: Israel can now produce more weapons than Britain, and currently Israeli industrial plants are capable of supplying France with more arms than France can supply to Israel.

Whether he actually said this or not, the truth of the matter is that Israel has become an arms producer of major proportions. The country not only manufactures well-known systems such as the Kfir jet fighter and two versions of the Reshet missile boat, but also an entire line of support systems, ranging from communications equipment to missiles, from boots to advanced air-to-air missiles.

From a hasty and superficial review of Israel's military production lines we learn that the military industries are not present churning out Uzi and Gollis sub-machine guns; mortars of calibres ranging from 52mm. to 160mm.; cannon of all types, including a mobile 155mm. howitzer, capable of hurling five 95-pound shells per minute at the enemy.

The industries produce almost all the country's ammunition needs, including advanced aerial bombs with delayed fuse capabilities, such as the type used in the attack on Abu Zabel in Egypt during the War of Attrition, and a series of ground-to-ground rockets. Among the latter, apparently, is the mysterious "Jericho" missile, reports of which have adorned the pages of *Time* and other prestigious publications for years now, without Israel ever having admitted possession of the weapon.

Raphael, the Research and Development Authority of the Defence establishment, works under a cloak of secrecy, but on those rare occasions when it has opened its doors it has revealed such triumphs as the development and production of the Shafrir air-to-air missile, which apparently achieved wonders during the Yom Kippur War. And now, together with Israel Aircraft Industries (IAI), it is said to be manufacturing a new long-range television guided missile, which *Aviation Week* calls the Lux-1. There are also reports of fair advances in the production of drones or, as they are commonly called, pilotless aircraft.

THE IDF itself is currently manufacturing the Chariot tank (see box); converting thousands of half-trucks from petrol to diesel engines; and totally re-vamping the M-48 and Centurion tanks, a process which includes the installation of an Israel-made 105 mm. cannon. We have been told of the production of a new generation of personal missiles, whose existence was first revealed by Defence Minister Peres several months ago.

The IDF, in conjunction with civilian industry, produces an estimated 95 per cent of this country's communications needs, as well as a good proportion of night-seeing equipment and electronics.

Hord at work producing the Kfir, IAI, the country's largest single producer of weapons-related systems, is now putting the final touches to the initial development plans of a third-generation fighter. It manufactures the Arava light transport plane,

which has a military version, and the Gabriel sea-to-sea missile in both MK I and MK II versions.

IAI builds the Dabur-class patrol boat at its Beersheba facility (of all places to build a boat!) and is now offering a missile-carrying version of it, called the Dvora. The Ramat division of IAI manufactures the RAB MK I armoured vehicle. Other branches of the giant corporation are currently involved in co-production projects with American plane builders — contracts worth millions of dollars — and in fields ranging from flight control systems to microelectronics.

At the Israel Shipyards in Haifa, production centres in a fleet of improved Reshet-class missile boats, destined for both our own navy and for export. Not long ago, the Shipyards published plans for the building of a helicopter version of the boat.

ACCORDING TO a recent report in the *Christian Science Monitor*, Israel is selling weapons to over 20 countries — sales which, it said, brought in an estimated \$500m. In foreign currency last year, and are expected to reach the \$1b. mark by the end of 1977. The paper spoke of Israel selling sophisticated electronic weaponry to Greece, Turkey, Taiwan, "and others."

Other publications have reported Israeli sales of arms to South Africa and Mexico as well as a host of South American countries. Reuters reported several months ago that Israel's arms trade had increased sevenfold since before the Yom Kippur War to a total of \$400m. — "which," it commented, "while constituting only one half of one per cent of the total world arms deals, constitutes an impressive achievement for a small nation that is itself one of the world's chief arms importers." (The actual export figures were \$463m. — an eight-fold increase.)

While some are impressed, others are not, and Israel's role as a manufacturer and purveyor of weapons continues to be one of the most debated issues in both defence and political circles.

IAI, for example, announced last week that it intends building not only a third-generation fighter (on which it spent over \$140m. in development costs without official approval) but also a helicopter that will satisfy Israel's needs in this field. The Israel Air Force, however, is on record as wanting neither the new generation fighter nor the helicopter. Shimon Peres, who is the legal "boss" of the industries, has not yet given a decision on either of the two proposed projects.

THE ARGUMENTS over the production of a new plane go beyond the purely practical. There are the "moralists" who question whether a country such as ours should be devoting the main thrust of its industrial development to the manufacture of tools of destruction. They fear the implications of Israel's role as a weapons supplier, according to foreign sources, to such countries as South Africa, and several "less enlightened" South American republics. Others are wary about directing Israel's research facilities and qualified manpower into defence-related industries — even though they ad-



Soldier places Israeli-made 120 mm. shell in Sultom mortar (Newsphoto)

How independent should Israel become in terms of arms production? This question is causing increasing concern both inside and outside the Defence establishment. The considerations are economic, political and moral. Post Military Correspondent HIRSH GOODMAN outlines some of the problems facing the decision-makers.



mit the benefits derived from non-military spin-offs.

There are two major arguments in favour of producing arms in this country. The first and obvious is the old one about the need for independence. Ignoring its lesson, we learned when France turned round and clamped an embargo on Israel in 1968. Nixon did the same when we rejected the Rogers plan and he refused to supply Phantom aircraft, while together with Kissinger, he kept Israel through an arms embargo during a period of re-assessment.

The latest series of exchanges with the Carter administration, at the time of writing, has again highlighted the problem — and despite our tremendous strides in arms production, Israel still is on foreign arms supply.

THE SECOND argument in favour of a new Israeli-made plane is economic. Israel should be playing a role in the world market for a will pump back vital foreign currency into the country. It has to find a way of recovering some of the horrendous defence costs. And those costs, added with public morale, are undeniable fact that defence expenditures become increasingly palatable when the Israeli are created that at least some of the money is being re-invested in the economy, and that defence expenditures are, in fact, earning money for the country.

In Sunday's TV debate with Pegin, Peres, a long-time vocate of local military production, claimed that Israel "earned" \$450m. in arms exports which I.A.I. were clear.

These figures cannot be taken at face value, for example, cost \$7b. to develop (including the production of the first seven prototypes) and to this day some \$50,000 of each Phantom bought in Israel — mostly for spare parts — to delay the original cost of anyone who believes that the Americans will continue to fund the bill for Israel arms production when we have full capacity to manufacture a plane a year while they themselves are faced with some 10 million unemployed.

"The bubble is going to burst," claims one source close to the national pocketbook, "and we have to ensure that our arms production is not totally jeopardised when it happens."

On the basis of that, Israel has conscientiously doing everything possible to ensure that, no matter what the future may hold, the country will continue to survive. An industry of immense proportions has been prepared, and the future of the country is at stake. Other customers decided that, due to its American dependence, the U.S. was vetoing the purchase of the plane. It was worth spending several millions more on alternative, less successful, aircraft in order to avoid a delicate political problem.

There are workshops completing total overhauls of planes, tanks and ships under the conditions. In the last 50 per cent of the tanks bought out of action were returned to the efficiency both at the field, and of workshop. Israel's decisions whether to produce or not to produce

arms system have very rare precedents dictated by the economic policy of the project. True, economics have often played an important part in the decision-making process, and often the political rationale has been one of viability. But more often than not the ultimate decision was based on what it means in terms of independence; what it means in terms of maintaining a qualitative edge over the armed forces of the combined confrontation states.

HERE ARE TWO basic questions brewing at present. Should IAI, and both are of national importance; should it produce its own airplane of the future; and should Israel build a helicopter? There are those in Israel, including the Air Force hierarchy, who claim that to do either or both would be ridiculous. There are those, including Peres (whose views, at the time of writing, are who are convinced that — and despite our tremendous strides in arms production, Israel still is on foreign arms supply.

Even stalwart proponents of self production are not complacent. Israel should be playing a role in the world market for a will pump back vital foreign currency into the country. It has to find a way of recovering some of the horrendous defence costs. And those costs, added with public morale, are undeniable fact that defence expenditures become increasingly palatable when the Israeli are created that at least some of the money is being re-invested in the economy, and that defence expenditures are, in fact, earning money for the country.

There are countless other arguments against the manufacture of a local plane. The development costs are beyond belief. The cost, for example, cost \$7b. to develop (including the production of the first seven prototypes) and to this day some \$50,000 of each Phantom bought in Israel — mostly for spare parts — to delay the original cost of anyone who believes that the Americans will continue to fund the bill for Israel arms production when we have full capacity to manufacture a plane a year while they themselves are faced with some 10 million unemployed.

yet not jeopardise its arms industries? How does one close down a production line and ensure that if and when the plant is called into action, either as an overhaul facility or as an ad hoc production facility, it will be able to operate efficiently? How does one deal with the problem of putting 19,000 skilled workers out of a job and yet having them available if they are needed?

The obvious answer — many claim — comes in the form of co-production rights granted to industries like IAI by the manufacturers of Israel's next plane, in all probability the General Dynamics' F-15. (The decision to grant co-production rests with the U.S. administration, however.)

Co-production rights will keep most of IAI's lines busy and also return to Israel a large part of the dollar investment it will have to make in purchasing the reported 250 aircraft the country is seeking. But there are two problems here. General Dynamics is bound by contract to manufacture the plane together with four European consortium countries which are slated to receive 15 per cent of all co-production sales are made to a third party. General Dynamics is thus less than keen to split the cake further with IAI and

US ISRAELI faces a tremendous dilemma. How does one on the one hand ensure the country's security and



Intricate puzzle of missile boat falls into place at Haifa Shipyards. (Keren-Or)

has, at the time of this report, offered no more than 5 per cent in Israel co-production — and this only on the planes that Israel actually purchases. Israel officials have declared this totally unacceptable, noting that it would cost \$100m. just to set up the production line, which would result in a net loss on the operation.

The other problem is that IAI is not keen to accept the role of co-producer. It apparently refuses to come to terms with the idea that when production of the Kfir comes to an end, it will again be relegated to the role of overhauler of somebody else's aircraft.

The problem is a serious one. It is also a political one, and the solution will depend to no small extent on the philosophy of the next Prime Minister. The tension which existed between Peres and Rabin regarding the production of arms by Israel is no secret. Peres was, and remains, convinced that this should continue at virtually any cost; Rabin was of the opinion that almost all that can be bought cheaply and delivered reliably, should be bought and delivered.

With regard to IAI's recently declared intention of building a helicopter, I can only quote the reaction of an acquaintance who

deals in these matters: "Mogadonah," said he. "Even if Israel decided it had a requirement for these, it would need only a limited number at best," he said. "Israel cannot sell either the Arava (one was sold last year) or the Kfir. Now IAI wants to get funded with an unsold stock of several hundred helicopters."

But unsold stocks and economic viability — or rather the lack of it — are only half the problem. There are those who claim that despite the tremendous cost, Israel is doing little more than creating an illusion of arms independence.

THE COUNTRY remains dependent on outside technology and know-how. Just how dependent can perhaps best be illustrated by a recent report from Washington regarding the American refusal to allow the export of certain parts needed for the manufacture of an important item. Without that part, the report says, the item on the production lines is useless.

The problems are complex. And there are no simple answers. While one must remember that Israel paid \$550m. for 25 F-15 fighter aircraft last year one must also remember that even though the country beams with pride at the fact that we are currently producing our very own tank, only 30 per cent of the tank is manufactured in Israel at this stage. Without the American assistance granted late last week, it is highly doubtful whether there would be any meaningful production of the weapon at all.

The problem rests not with IAI alone. The Navy is interested in the Shipyards remaining functional as well and here again the solution seems to lie in the hope of gaining co-production rights.

The ultimate question is, how much independence does one derive from the agreements, and what are the implications for the economy? There are those, including officials at IAI, who say that co-production actually makes you more dependent. It ties you down in terms of investment. They argue that after putting all your resources into a line for the building of, say, rudders and tailfins for the F-16, you are far more susceptible to outside pressures that when an embargo is clamped down and you can look around for other sources of supply.

On the other side of the coin, given the prohibitive costs involved in producing a new-generation fighter, co-production agreements allow for investment returns and open production lines — even limited production lines — and, perhaps most important, for the maintenance of an industrial infrastructure.

ISRAEL has invested heavily in procurement since the Yom Kippur War. The figures vary depending on who is giving them; but according to official Army statistics, as handed out by the spokesman's office in November last year, the number of tanks has grown by 35 per cent; the number of artillery pieces by 25 per cent; the country has 15 per cent more planes; and we are told the Navy has increased by 45 per cent.

All this means, in essence, is that security is expensive. Just how expensive is an open question. Just how secure is an open question, too. How much will be purchased from abroad and how much will be made here constitutes the third of the perennial four questions. One supposes that just as on Passah, this one will be asked again next year.

THE ONLY report published on Israel's renowned long-range, television-guided air-to-ground missile appeared in *Aviation Week* earlier this month. According to the journal, the missile, dubbed the Lux-1, is designed primarily to destroy Soviet-supplied Sam-6 anti-aircraft missile installations. It is reportedly produced by Raphael and the MBT division of IAI and has been fitted on to Israel's Kfir C2 and McDonnell Douglas F-4 fighters.

It has a 200-kilo conventional warhead and a range of 80 kms.

THE MERKAVA (Chariot) tank, whose existence was officially revealed by Defence Minister Shimon Peres on election eve, is the product of the IDF industries and the persistence of one man — Israel Tal. Tal pushed the project through against stiff opposition, finally convincing then Defence Minister Moshe Dyan and Finance Minister Pinhas Sapir that the production of the tank was not only economically viable, but highly desirable.

The Merkava, according to as yet unofficial reports, is powered by a 900 h.p. American-made engine; possesses a 105mm. cannon (which reputedly has the same fire-power as the 120mm. installed in the British Chieftain); and is both highly mobile and safe.

Development of the tank was an outcome of Israel's initial research with Britain on the Chieftain. When it became apparent that Israel was not going to be included as a full and active partner in the production of the Chieftain, some of the technology was adapted for the Merkava.

It is claimed that the tank — details of which were given in *The Post* earlier this week — is adequate for both of Israel's potential fighting environments — desert and mountains. It contains technologies — such as artillery computers — found on the most advanced armoured weapons currently on international drawing boards. It is, however, cheaper than both the Chieftain and the newest German and American tanks.

It is impossible to judge the Merkava's performance at this stage. Tests show that it is satisfactory, though there has been some talk of its being underpowered. Even those who criticise the Merkava's design limitations, however, admit that there is no safer armoured vehicle in use anywhere.

THE FACT that Israel is producing a mobile 105mm. artillery piece was first released late last year in the house organ of Koor Industries — a Histadrut enterprise which manufactures the Howitzer in conjunction with the military industries. The gun is installed in a fully-armoured turret that can rotate 360 degrees.

According to the report, it can fire five 99-pound rounds per minute over a maximum range of 21 km.



Shaike Ophir stars as Abraham, owner of the mysterious garden.

THE GARDEN is the sleeper of the year.

A strange little film, made by a group of virtually unknown Russian new immigrants, it is the first Israeli film in three years to have been accepted for the international Cannes Film Festival. The world's biggest cinematic forum opened on May 13 and *The Garden* will be presented there tomorrow, off competition, among a selected group of the year's "most creative feature films."

The film's director, Victor Nord, 32, will be there too.

Victor came to me last year with a script about some weird garden," said Israel Shenkar of Lotru Films (a company formed to aid new immigrants). "Written by Yosef Avissar, it had been awarded a government investment prize. Victor showed me a documentary he had made about the 1973 War just after he arrived here from the USSR, and a film he had made in Russia. We gave him a chance to make a feature, not really knowing what would come of it." Shenkar financed 50 per cent of the venture. Isaac Shani of Berkley-Pathé-Humphries co-financed and produced it.

Last summer, filming in Jerusalem's Yemin Moshe quarter, director Nord and his Russian-speaking crew were seen disappearing into a mysterious-looking garden on Hatikva Street. His film is based on this garden and the house adjoining, both owned by Isaac and Hannah Levi.

The Levis, now in their seventies, grow fruit in their nine-dunam garden, and sell it to people in the neighbourhood and to Tuva. In a Bunuel-like way, the script tells the story of this couple,

who arrived as refugees from Iraq in 1950 and settled in Yemin Moshe, interweaving their story with that of Adam and Eve and of Abraham and Sarah. "The garden and house had been the property of an Arab (before the War of Independence) and the Israel Lands Authority leased it to us," Hannah told me. "It was in ruins, with just a few olive trees. But as we started working there, we felt that God had returned it to us."

"Suddenly, after 26 years, they (the Lands Authority) refused to renew our yearly lease. A building contractor offered us a new apartment in the city and money... the offer was tempting."

But convinced that the garden was a gift from God, the Levis refused to move.

"Now the Lands Authority offers us nothing and threatens to move us out with a bulldozer. We have been in and out of court. Recently, the Municipality shut off our water supply which we've been getting all these years from the King David Hotel. You see, it's a water from the pool and from the sewerage, and now that we have rich neighbours, they've been complaining about the smell. Now the trees are dying." She choked with tears. "Soon we'll have to go, too."

THE FILM interweaves this story of Paradise Lost with that of an anti-Semitic girl who seeks refuge in the garden from three thugs who keep trying to rape her.

In one attempt, they invade the garden and tear her clothes off. When Abraham (the old man who also represents Isaac Levi) sees the naked girl in the garden, a stranger in a strange land, he



Abraham discovers the naked girl (Melanie Griffith) and believes her to be the guardian angel of his garden.

PARADISE LOST IN JERUSALEM

After initial rejection, the Israeli film *THE GARDEN*, will be shown as part of the Cannes Film Festival tomorrow. SOPHIE KAHN tells the intricate story of the film, and its making by a team of Russian immigrants.

believes that divine providence has sent her to him, and accepts and cares for her. To him, the girl is an angel sent by God to guard his garden against invaders and from the Lands Authority.

The girl is played by American actress Melanie Griffith, 18, blonde and radiant. Shaike Ophir plays Abraham, the old man. Shoshana Duer is Sarah, his wife, and Tuvia Tavi is their son.

"Melanie walks around naked throughout most of the film," Nord told me. "No Israeli teenage actress could be found for the part. Most girls here have a 'thing' about nudity. I'll act in the nude anywhere," said one girl, "but not in the Holy City."

When Nord saw Melanie on the centrefold of *Playboy* magazine, he knew she was right for the part. She had some impressive film

credits, too, having worked with Paul Newman and Gene Hackman. Said one of her co-stars: "Her face is not much more expressive than her navel, but what a navel!"

ON THE DAY the thug (Tsachi Noi) arrived on his noisy motorcycle with his two delinquent friends, bent on mischief, their shouts caused chaos, said Nord. "Rumours started circulating in the neighbourhood that something was not kosher: naked girls in the fruit garden."

Peeping Toms appeared and climbed on the garden walls. Others just deduced that where there were nudes there must also be orgies. Before long, there were cries that Isaac Levi was running an al fresco brothel.

"Go to Jericho, go to Tel Aviv,

Why, *davka*, in Jerusalem," whispered a bearded man. Fed up with the neighbours, the director and team returned to Tel Aviv, where they have more trouble locating, patching scenes.

INTERVIEWED at Berkley-Pathé-Humphries studios, where he was getting ready for Cannes, Nord said: "I'm afraid of Jerusalem. It's a spiritual vibration, a different vibration. From the Holy City direct from Moscow, Godless metropolis, steeped in prosaic. It's a traumatic situation."

"I was born in the city of Moscow and I never felt any taint with religion. Rabbits, Jews, here in Israel, I still have it. But when you go to Jerusalem, you feel the

city, the divinity. It's the electricity in the air, the light, the odours. "The Garden," said director, "symbolizes both Jerusalem — the invaded, ravaged city of God, and the Paradise we have lost."

Paradoxically, it is a religious film made by an atheist. Nord dug into the Bible, in search of Jewish identity. The story of Adam and Eve was put together in the drama of Sarah and Isaac, against a backdrop of modern-day Jerusalem. The deal, eloquent angel who made here a composite picture of vulnerability — mute, shy, gentle and hesitant — which Nord readily accepts as non-verbal, while the three thugs who rape her find her vulnerability quite earthly: "a cuckoo!" says greedily, Tsachi Noi. "Go and take her, she wouldn't say a word."

MONTHS AGO, the film's director, Isaac Shani, sat in the living room of Berkley Studios, his co-owns, viewing the completed *Garden*. He had an off-beat film on his mind. In a country where low-budget slapstick comedies are office winners — they are made cheaply and quickly — *The Garden* could be considered "commercial."

It was an extraordinary endeavour. It was (IL\$ 5m.) and a slow, mystical film. Yet it had a quality: it was well made, frequently titillating; stunning art direction (Zabarak); fine colour; lovely little dialogue (by the Ophir); music by Noam (photography: Valery).

It made up his mind: *The Garden* would go to Cannes. It did. The Festival's selection committee chose 25 official entries from 300 films submitted. *Garden* was not among them. It failed to qualify for the "off festival" selection, which

went into several special sections, within the framework of the festival.

Believe the film was rejected for political reasons," said Shani. "It was no stranger to festival in Paris. Back in 1974, his film *Daughters*, directed by Shani, was also rejected. Shani fought tooth and nail to reverse the decision. As a result, *Daughters* was not only admitted as Israel's entry to the official competition, but its star, Shaike Ophir, was nominated for Best Actor award."

With financiers of countries as Lybia, Kuwait, Tunisia and Morocco swamping the European film industries with dollars, and with additional help of our Foreign Ministry; Nord, the at-risk producer, easily

himself on the losing side. Nord he fights back, as Shani held a special screening of *Garden* for the French ambassador to Israel, Jean Herly, his cultural consul; mobilized the at-risk holders of *Garden* in New York to take the film for the head of influential Jewish organizations; arranged a special screening for various

Israel: a hot-house for allergies

Spring fever is a literal disease for the many sufferers from allergies in this country. The Post's HAIM SHAPIRO visits Hadassah Hospital's allergy clinic to find out what is being done to ease the lot of the victims of pollen and dust.



YOUR NOSE is running, your superman gesture. Later, the doctor tells you that the average adult has a headache and you start sneezing.

Congratulations. You belong to the select 10 to 15 per cent of the world's population, irrespective of race, religion or national origin, which suffers from allergies. You may know what causes your allergy or you may only know that, like most sufferers, this is the worst time of the year for you.

If you moved to this country from abroad, you may find yourself subject to allergies you never had before. Why? Because Israel is a treasure-chest of plants, one of the main causes of allergies. Within a very small geographical area are four distinct climates: Mediterranean, Irano-Tyrranean, Saharan, and for good measure, small tropical enclaves. Each has its own typical vegetation.

Meanwhile, as you sneeze and suffer, cynics will tell you it's all in the mind. There are even those who claim that allergies are confined to the middle class.

A visit to the Hadassah Hospital allergy clinic in Jerusalem, one of the seven in the country, quickly dispelled this misconception. The patients dealt with here represent a broad sample of the population. When I arrived, for example, Dr. Moshe Goldgraber, head of the department, was in the process of treating a nine-year-old boy from the Arab village of Beit Safafa.

The boy was suffering from asthma. As he exhaled, I could hear a slight whistling or wheezing. He was small and puny and his expression was serious, but he smiled when the doctor talked to him in Arabic.

The visit, a routine one, was brief. The boy's mother said gratefully that her son was feeling much better. Then out came a small measuring device to which was attached a cardboard tube. The boy blew into the tube and the meter registered 250. Pleased, he raised thin arms over his head in a

and IgA. have been known to scientists for many years. The fourth, and probably the most important for allergists, IgE, was only detected some 10 years ago. It is IgE which, though it is only present in minute quantities, can combine with cells in the body, causing them to explode and release histamine, when a new challenge of allergen appears.

If the situation is not too serious, the doctor will probably prescribe an anti-histamine drug which provides short-term relief. These drugs unfortunately also have side effects such as drowsiness, and they must be taken sparingly.

A more serious allergy calls for a series of injections. The shots actually contain the substance to which the person is allergic, and thus help the body to form IgG, which diverts the allergen and prevents its combining with IgE. But this is unfortunately not as simple as it sounds.

IgG antibodies are known to be at the base of the Arthus phenomenon, named after Maurice Arthus, an early-20th-century physician and scientist, who conducted his most famous research while on an ocean voyage.

Using a favourite dog as his subject, he injected it with an extract from a poisonous jellyfish. The dog reacted mildly to the first injection and Arthus assumed that a subsequent injection would cause no reaction at all.

To his surprise, the dog reacted so violently that it died. The initial injection, instead of desensitizing, caused the formation of antibodies which combined with the second injection, resulting in death.

EVERN WHEN a relative lessening of sensitivity can be built up, it may only last for a short time. But there is some hope for the sufferer. As he grows older, his allergy is likely to disappear. On the other hand, he is also likely to pass the allergy on to his children.

Allergies are inherited.

Allergies are also subject to variation, based on the sufferer's physical and mental condition. The fear engendered by an asthmatic attack is likely to make the patient tense and thus induce a cycle of still more asthmatic attacks.

The doctor stressed that a very important part of the allergist's work involves taking a complete and detailed medical and psychological history. He agreed that stress can provoke an asthmatic attack, but pointed out that the patient must be asthmatic to begin with.

His treatment, he said, consists primarily of allowing the patient to carry on his normal life with as little interference as possible. Thus, for example, while Arad is probably the best place in this country for sufferers from allergies and asthma due to pollen and house dust, he would hesitate to tell a patient to uproot himself and move there.

The Neguev town is good because its height isolates it from many of the pollens carried by the wind. The site itself is so dry and surrounded by desert that vegetation is strictly limited.

Israel has 3,000 varieties of plants, compared with 1,800 in Cyprus and 1,400 for all of Scandinavia. But the pioneers who made the country green also provided the fertile conditions for some less wanted plants to take root. Dr. Goldgraber doubts whether the Government could control planting in order to alleviate allergies. Jerusalem continues to plant cypress trees and other vegetation that affect its citizens. And anyway, even the wild juniper growing in the hills in Jordan is enough to affect people in the Judean hills sensitive to its pollen.

Dr. Goldgraber had one small note of consolation. Ragweed, the source of hay fever in North America, with its millions of victims, is totally absent from the local scene. □

مكذبا من الأصل



Roy Lichtenstein: Jet Pilot, 1962.



Jim Dine: Untitled Tool, 1973. From "Drawing Now." (Tel Aviv Museum).

DRAWING NOW

An important exhibition assembled by the New York Museum of Modern Art, now at the Tel Aviv Museum, is reviewed below by GIL GOLDFINE.

ALTHOUGH "Drawing Now" rings with restrictivity and immediate overtones, this fine exhibit often transcends its title in that it doesn't limit itself to showing isolated masterpieces or singular pivotal works but rather presents a near comprehensive survey of what has transpired in American art over the past 20 odd years.

Originally prepared for the Museum of Modern Art by Bernice Rose, a curator in the Department of Drawing, the exhibit contains 175 works by 40 artists and has made a world tour. We are seeing it here because of the direct initiative of Marc Sheppes, the new director of the Tel Aviv Museum.

As Bernice Rose (who has just spent two weeks here) points out in her astute essay on the exhibit, "As a discipline it (drawing) has with few exceptions remained within parameters basically defined by the end of the 17th century." The introduction of collage by Picasso and Braque, plus the innovation of automatism by the surrealists Klee and Ernst, prompted the post-World War Two artists to reassess and reconsider the media of drawing. By the mid '60s drawing, which was fundamental to abstract expressionist style and technique, began to emerge as an independent "major" medium detached from its traditional role as a support for painting and sculpture. "Drawing Now" affords the opportunity of viewing all the

ramifications: drawing as preparatory work for other media, for its own sake and as an experimental mode of expression, where pure calligraphy, handwriting, stucco etching and environmental studies (earth works) are all considered to be in the realm of drawing.

For Israel, the value of this major show is not necessarily in its historical survey, but in the quality of the product: fine original pieces that we rarely see in our local galleries and museums.

This coming into contact with first-rate contemporary art by some of the world's most important names is an educational process, informing us of the direction in which art has been moving in recent times. Also, the experience of confronting the undiluted extension of the artist's hand, unlike a "once-removed" print or reproduction, is another invaluable experience afforded us in "Drawing Now."

ARRANGED within a framework of extended and overlapping time spans, one moves from the subconscious abstracted legends of Germany's Bauhaus (of the late '20s) to the calligraphic tactile scrawls of America's Cy Twombly and then on to Robert Rauschenberg's masterful mixed media episodic drawings for Dante's "Inferno." The latter compositions are direct and cinematic, containing transference, watercolor, gouache, pencil ...

and erasures. Their two dimensional effects project all the same criteria that made his "object-poems" seminal works in the development of pop art and minimalism.

Combining abstract expressionist brushwork with rational and simple images, Jasper Johns' work is "systematic and logical at the same time in that it is intuitive and searching" and also forms an important link between action painting and pop.

Andy Warhol, Roy Lichtenstein, Claes Oldenburg and Jim Dine are represented by classic examples of their individual approaches to the relationship between the commercialized urban world and the artistic image. Lichtenstein's "Bull Series" is a near didactic lesson on reductive art; Dine's "Untitled Tools" are truly magnificent, elevating the hammer, piler and saw etc., to a status of monumental idolization via soft, elegant rendering.

In a nod to internationalism, British artists Hockney, Hamilton and Riley are afforded limited space, as are other "foreigners" including Tinguely, and Fahstrolm.

But the path continues along strong American lines, with painterly abstractionists, minimalists, colour field artists and conceptualists. Studies for paintings by Frank Stella and Agnes Martin are rather ineffective because of their inverse scale.

Conversely, Sol LeWitt, an important figure in establishing drawing as a major medium in the late '60s, is represented by beautiful linear exercises on paper logically organized with crosshatched graphite or tinted lines that spark with a cool intensity. Also, a large wall drawing of white chalk on a black field was created at the Museum by Israeli art students working from packaged LeWitt instructions, extending the physical act of drawing into a conceptual, non-permanent idiom.

An extension of this postal art form (the physical use of words and letter forms as subject matter) are exemplified by Bruce Nauman, Carl Andre and the composer John Cage.

Minimalist studies for fabricating installations and building geometric sculptures by Flavin, Judd and Robert Morris, although conspicuously boring, can be equated with Renaissance cartoons for fresco painting in that they form the skeletal base for a primary effort. Within the same sphere but geometrically purer in the visual image are panels by Robert Mangold, Brion Marden, Mel Bochner and sculptor Richard Serra.

Included in the exhibit are several framed drawings by Dorothea Rookburns who accompanied Ms. Rose to Tel Aviv to create three large floating wall drawings at the entrance to the Zacks Hall. Concerned with

"making the material yield forms inherent in its own structure" she folds carbon paper (or vellum), flips and reopens it in order to mark the folded creases by transferring lines to the wall. The flip and turn is continued to form a non-modular geometric and linear nature of these lines, explores the interaction of body, motion and distance between observer and the art. Delicate and mathematical yet human in their scale, the wall drawings, are sensitive, cerebral and appeal to our contemplative capacities.

AS WITH any large exhibit, gaps are bound to occur. When queried about certain trends not included, notably the new figurative school of the '80s, and artists like Pearlstein, Rivers, Disbenkorn and Held, Ms. Rose indicated that her decisions were based not only on space considerations but the need to satisfy a natural trend that had developed in the art world. The styles of the artists not included "did not fit the spirit of what was happening to drawing as an independent medium." But when one puts together a show of this magnitude it seems to me that the picture should be as broad as possible. Yet, it is difficult to omit at this superb exhibit. Lines of omission, coupled to the account of the American establishment are, in this case, not at all difficult to swallow (Tel Aviv Museum, King Saul Blvd. Through June 5).

Round the galleries

NORA FRENKEL'S recent drawings and serigraphs of nudes and landscapes burst with self-confidence. A combination of swiftly drawn abrupt lines, well placed dots and dashes and appropriate smudges coalesce into stark, very direct, images of solid form, foliage or expressive figures. Frenkel considers her rectangular sheet of paper part of the picture in that the edges are utilized as part of the composition and the negative areas of the scene become thoughtfully proportioned boundaries between coloured descriptions. Favouring a technique of overlapping planes rather than linear perspective or shadow rendering, Frenkel shows an ability to reduce volumes and vistas into their essential features yet maintain the scope and character of the subject matter (Sara Levi, 10 Pines St., Tel Aviv, Mon.-Thurs. 6-8 p.m., till June 6).

TOYS express many dreams which remain in the child or adult imagination. For YOSL BERGNER, the man and the painter, this statement is extensible. Like his potato graters and coffee-grinders, a plethora of colourful, bantering and joquial

Gordon, Tel Aviv. Photographs and literary conceptualism by Gater, Brast, Garbuz and Mizrahi are paralleled by a slightly more conservative approach of stand up picture making by Ne'eman and Natan. The two outsiders are Tevet, who deals with minimal mythic signs; and Grifit, who has begun, inauspiciously, to learn the art of spray-gun hyper-realism.

WITH EACH passing exhibit, the non-functional ceramic sculptures by DAVID MORRIS of Kibbutz Ein Hashofet, become more liturgical in spirit and mythological in content.

Little humour is contained in the expressions of his odorous outpourings as they perch atop metal staffs, with frozen emblematic gestures or, as in the case of one beastie, peeking skywards and begging for mercy from a well, dug in the surface gravel. A pillar of doom, the netherworld, hades and the inferno surround Morris' figurines and groups studies, and while looking, the spectator asks the inevitable questions regarding the voice attached to life, death and the supernatural.

Morris, continuing to fire a fine plastic aliena and raw amber clay or a bluish white overglaze resembling Egyptian faience, is preoccupied with maintaining perfect surfaces. Although the forms and volumes are contemporary in concept their severity and dogmatic presence are characteristics held over from the style of the Middle Ages (Museum Ha'aretz, Ceramics Museum, Ramat Aviv, through May).

SALVADOR DALI has been scratching out large graphic editions over the past ten years and a good sampling of this oeuvre is on view in Tel Aviv. Serious work? The plates are packed with frill and wind where fractured and gestured line drawings are supported by pastel tints that are hardly there to begin with. Staged and costume oriented, Dali's etchings are wrought with superficiality and illustrativeness and the joke, I'm afraid, is on us (Gilart, 66 Gordon, Tel Aviv, through May).

COMBINING elements from such divergent sources as Dubuffet and Peter Max, SIMA EYAL uses squiggly lines and a full palette of bombastic colours to transcribe flora, fauna and a variety of "scapes." Her need to contour amorphous shapes with a thin black ink line is restrictive and unnecessary (Dugith Gallery, 43 Frishman, Tel Aviv, till May 31).

GIL GOLDFINE

LARGE, sensitively drawn black and white unframed sheets by MICHA ULLMAN are symbolic landscapes that appear to stretch away like the Russian steppe viewed from a frontal or aerial position. They are supplemented by small snapshots which adhere to the surface and act as "concrete" and far, real and imaginary, volume and line, chemistry and humanity. Ullman's preoccupation is occasionally ironic but he is thoughtful and pragmatic; despite my disagreement with his intentions, the work speaks for itself (Julie M. Gallery, 7 Glikson, Tel Aviv).

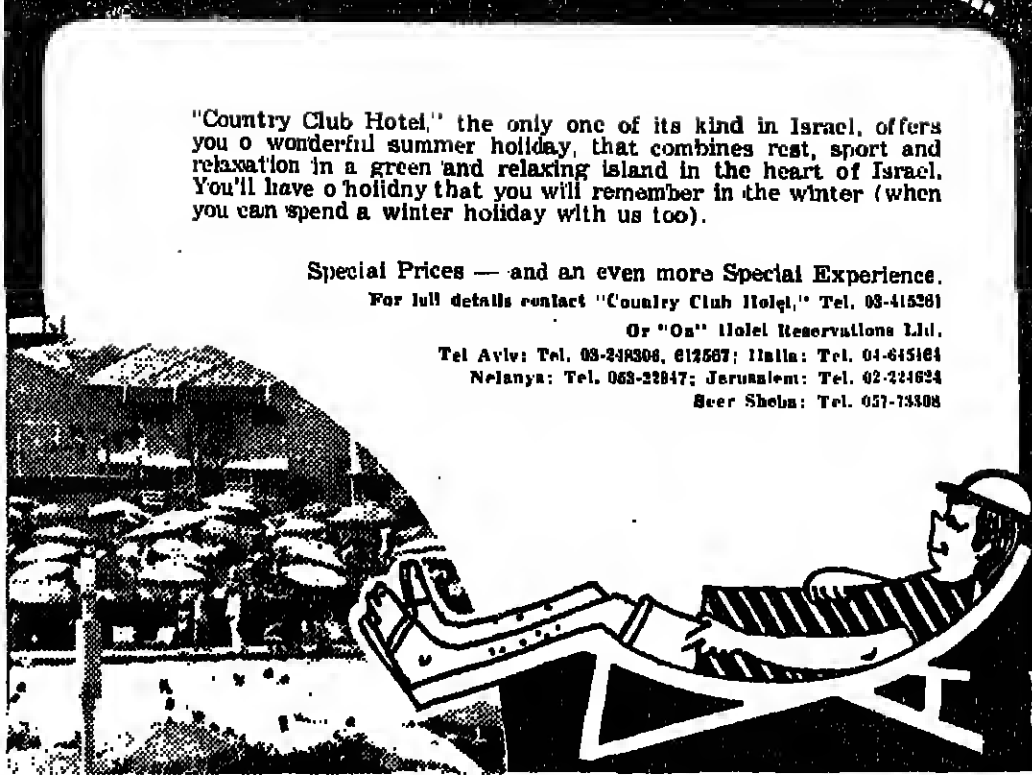
SOME OF THE "young Turks" belonging to our local chapter of "avant-gardism" have been assembled for the official opening of the Russ Gallery, 19



David Morris: figurine.

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הכרזה מן האמל



Bloody fighting is bound to erupt again in Eritrea when a new army of Soviet-equipped Ethiopian peasants reaches the rebellious province. However, The Post's LOUIS RAPOPORT foresees that the eventual outcome will be victory for the Arab-backed secessionists. Photos by Jean-Claude Francolon of Agence Gamma.

Tigreans. Last year, a rag-tag force of 100,000 peasants was sent off to fight the Eritreans, amidst grand proclamations directed towards the world press. But there was little government cooperation on the follow-up story — for the first peasant crusade met defeat on its first day in Eritrea, and the farmers, with their pre-World War II rifles, came streaming back into Ethiopia.

The same fate may await the second crusade, even though this time the peasants have been armed with more modern weapons, thanks to the Soviet Union, which is now the main supplier of the Ethiopian army. The Eritrean secessionists, who are Marxist-oriented Moslems and Christians, have the full backing of the Arab League (with the exception of Libya, which is on the side of the regime in Addis.) The guerrilla fighters of the ELF (Eritrean Liberation Front) and the PLF

Dergue the privacy to wipe out all of the students, anyone connected with the old ruling class, leftist dissidents, insurrectionists and secessionists alike.

Eritrea, formerly an Italian colony, has been under Ethiopian sovereignty since 1952, and was integrated into the empire 10 years later. Besides Gondar and Tigray provinces, it is bounded by Sudan on the north and by the current hot-spot on the Horn of Africa, Djibouti (the Territory of the Afars and Issas). About 150,000 Eritreans have taken refuge from Ethiopian bombing attacks in Sudan, which is gearing up its own armed forces for a possible confrontation with Ethiopia.

Ethiopia is disintegrating, and there are several hungry parties ready to swallow the pieces. The Addis regime, recognizing that it is about to lose Eritrea and its two important Red Sea ports of Massawa and Assab, has moved to protect its last major trade out-

let — Djibouti — by neglect with the Somalis, who may control of Ethiopia's oil province as part of the deal.

Ethiopia's second perennial is a last-ditch protest hold on to the vital province of Eritrea. But the Eritreans much better organized, and 12,000 guerrillas have succeeded in taking down half of Ethiopia's man army, whose officers has been almost totally decimated by the bloodthirsty Dergue led by Mengistu Haile Mariam.

In the last few months several important towns have destroyed a vital oil storage in Asseb. It is only a matter of year or two before Eritrea will be the war with Ethiopia. It will become Africa's both super and probably a member of the League, one with 800 at least kilometres of Red Sea coastline. Then the Red Sea will be a lake — except for Tarek.

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THE MIGHTY COMBINATION

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1977



Members of the Brittan Liberation Front keep watch on Agordat City, occupied by Addis Ababa forces. (Below) Popular Liberation Front troops in training.



FRIDAY, MAY 20, 1977

THE JERUSALEM POST MAGAZINE

PAGE ELEVEN

هكذا من الأصل

Mapping fiction

THE NOVEL TODAY: Contemporary Writers on Modern Fiction, edited by Malcolm Bradbury. Manchester, Manchester University Press. 250 pp. £4.95

Evelyn Strouse

VLADIMIR NABOKOV, not one of the heroes of this volume, remarked in an interview that the critics are the bookmakers: who's in, who's out is their stock-in-trade. Although the majority of the contributors to this disquisition on modern fiction are makers of books rather than bookmakers, by far the longest piece comes from the latter.

The route has been charted by the editor, Malcolm Bradbury, himself a teacher, novelist, and literary critic. And thus a straggler of more than the customary two stools. He presents a road-map that not only lists every conceivable byway, but also equal significance to each one.

"I have tried to suggest," he writes, "that there is a debate...that is very various, broad, and international, and takes in many diverse phenomena."

And then he appends a roster of writers — Borges, Beckett, Barthelme, Bellow, Brautigan, Barth, Barthes, Butor, to mention only the B's — whose preoccupations and foci are so disparate as to obscure any point of view the editor began with.

Anthologies, to be sure, can only imply what is in the mind and the oeuvre of the writer anthologized, but they do serve as a back-door through which editors can enter the publications showcase. One of the troubles with this particular anthology is that, although it is meant to be a survey of current opinion on the state of the novel, half of the essays data from the

early 1960s. If it is important, as Mr. Bradbury reminds us, to see "fictional development...in the context of a novel form significantly evolving and changing," then surely theory and discussion of these developments should be as up-to-the-minute as possible.

OF THE WRITERS on display, the one who most unerringly touches a responsive chord is Philip Roth, who, by means of a single incident — the bleak, yellow-press murder of two Chicago teenage girls — exemplifies the difficulty of the 20th-century writer in making American reality credible.

He sharply illustrates, in other words, the worn-out fact that truth is stranger than fiction. Who, he asks, for example, could have invented Charles Von Dorn, Roy Cohn, Bernard Goldfine, Dwight David Eisenhower? He goes beyond this, however, to assert that the modern writer does not really live in his own country and is, therefore, either unwilling or unable to deal imaginatively with his environment. As a result, the hero must spurn the world, or the author, like Mailer, must spurn his typewriter in order to fight the world.

Saul Bellow, surely a literary luminary, makes the incontestable statement that remarks do not constitute literature; all he has to offer, he says, are a few remarks. His most sullen one, related to the mourning of Roth, is that public life drives private life into hiding end, therefore, makes "a great assault upon the separate self" of the writer. What the young American author most often appears to feel is his own misfortune, not caring, because he is not taught to care, for any man or any cause. In other words, in American novels, at

least, the tone of complaint prevails.

But when we turn to British novelists like Iris Murdoch and John Fowles, the idea of a world lived in and despaired of is subsumed by modern man, who is free, self-aware, and sincere. Above all, says Iris Murdoch, modern man's truth is sincerely and his imagination fantasy. Fantasy, she continues, produces a sort of "dream necessity" and does not grapple with reality, which is why she uses the word "fantasy" instead of "imagination."

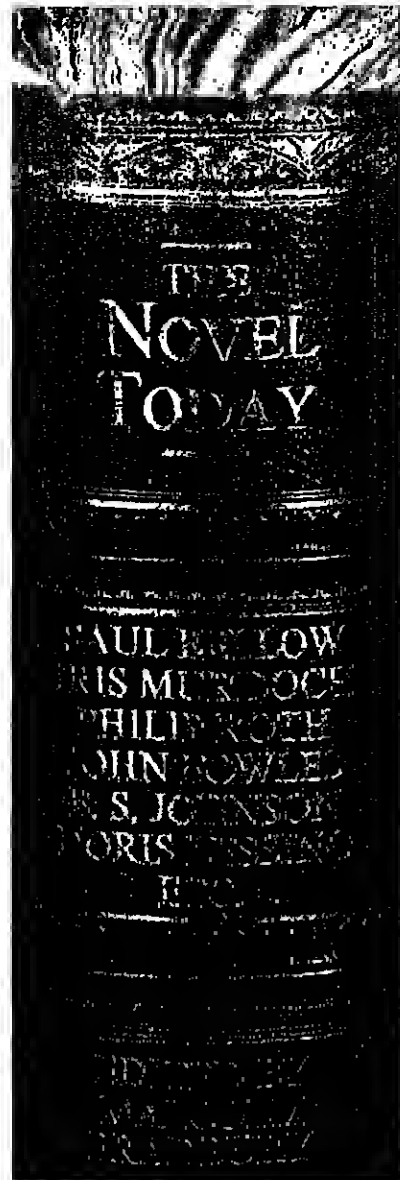
In her own way, Miss Murdoch seems to concur with both Bellow and Roth, who have insisted that the modern writer has opted out of the world in which he lives.

INSTEAD OF "dream necessity," John Fowles has used the word "image," which has to do with imagination but with the so-called accidentality of inspiration. "Follow the accident," says Fowles; "fear the fixed plan." The novel, he believes, is a free form, and neorealism is the essential vice of the novelist because he is possessed by his own imagination — and here he uses the word that Iris Murdoch cautions.

Because the novel is free it has manifold purposes, but one of them is not to discover a new form to which to write. Fowles refuses to be coerced into avant-gardism simply because some other novelists and most literary critics insist that it is cowardly to write within the old traditions.

He, for one, finds a great similarity between this novelist today and the novelist 100 years ago, who both face the same personal and scientific dilemma: the Victorians and the moderns, of Einstein and the bomb. Thus Fowles declares the theory that we live in the worst of all possible worlds.

Until we reach the last two essays, we are essentially concerned with descriptions — more or less organized — of how each



author goes about his business. This is always entertaining, rather like watching an actress put on her makeup, but it isn't very instructive for those of us who have never planned to write a novel in the first place.

Philip Spevick and Gerald Graff, however, each in an essay of more than 10,000 words, seriously tackle the Problem of New Fiction. Given so many

words, Spevick and Graff should have arrived at some hard conclusions, but what in fact emerges is "that fiction now has the luxury of taking for granted what the modernists had to demonstrate."

This impetuous sentence is part of Mr. Spevick's assessment that new fiction presents "elements of its texture devoid of value...not as subtraction or dehumanization...or nihilism, but as a positive act in which the joy of the observer is allowed to prevail as the primary quality of the experience," which itself suggests why it takes so many words to write about this putative new fiction.

Gerald Graff's chapter is entitled "The Myth of the Postmodernist Breakthrough." He tells us chiefly that there are two strains associated with postmodernism: the apocalyptic and the visionary. The profound difference between these two concepts is obscure to me: if apocalypse is associated with revelation, so may vision be, but more disturbing is the later fragmentation of the two general categories.

Critics of Graff's stripe seem to find it necessary to particularize so minutely that the essence of what they are trying to say is lost. Graff quotes such a conglomeration of critics, authors, and historians of the novel that differentiation becomes impossible.

He concludes, predictably, on a dual note: if "avant-garde anti-rationalism," the hallmark of the new fiction, has been over-exploited, then radicalism and revolution in art and culture must be redefined. After a few supplementary sentences, he fades away, presumably to work out further variations on this inexhaustible theme.

Editor Bradbury has warned us fairly: there is indeed an encyclopaedia of opinion about the condition of the novel; in the encyclopaedia under consideration, however, the words account for the weight. □

Flat portrait

KNESSET: Tikva Utefukata and her husband, Shimon Peres. The Knesset's functioning and its output by Shimon Peres. Tel Aviv, Achisaf. 326 pp. + 121 pp. appendices. IL85.

Aryeh Rubinstein

THE AUTHOR is a professor of political science at Haifa University. He is also No. 56 on the Alignment's Knesset list. Basically, he concedes, the book is an updating of Asher Zidon's *Beit HaKnesset*. But since Zidon's name is not mentioned on the title page, it comes as a surprise to find that whole pages have been copied verbatim from him.

Weiss did not even bother to eliminate the old saw that Parliament can do everything but change a man into a woman or a woman into a man. When that gem was put forward, it was a way of saying that Parliament was practically omnipotent. But what is it supposed to mean today?

Something has been added to Zidon's book, of course. There is an early chapter that surveys the arguments for and against constituency elections. There, the author is sceptical as to whether

their adoption in Israel would really change very much, particularly with regard to creating closer ties between the voter and his MK. By the time he gets to the end of the book, however, Weiss has become more optimistic. He now thinks that the constituency system "may, though not necessarily, strengthen the connection between the voters and those they elect."

The last chapter is called "Israeli Parliamentarianism: A Tentative Conclusion." After describing 11 reasons for the Knesset's impotence, he sees signs of change: the post-Yom Kippur War wave of protest was also reflected in the Knesset. Members showed more initiative, and were less subservient to party discipline. "In the past few months, and particularly in the past few weeks," he says (without indicating the period in question), "there has been an amazing recovery of Israeli parliamentarianism." But he is too cautious to predict that this is the beginning of a trend.

The trimmings, however, are the trimmings. Although they are appetizing, it is by the quality of the turkey that the book must be judged. And the turkey — the

description of the workings of the Knesset — sticks in the throat.

Take the discussion of the distribution of Knesset committee seats among the various parties. Weiss says that the Alignment and Gahal (now Likud) have disproportionate representation in the two most important committees: Foreign Affairs and Security, and Finance. And the accompanying table (which is for the Seventh Knesset) bears this out: the Alignment, whose strength in the Knesset was 46.2 per cent, had 57.9 per cent of the seats in these two committees. For Gahal, the figures were 21.7 as against 26.8 per cent.

What is lacking, though, is the explanation for this disproportion. How come? The answer, of course, is that when a new Knesset allocates committee assignments, the leading opposition party joins forces with the Alignment, and the devil take the smaller parties. Gahal-Likud has always been keener on gaining more for itself vis-à-vis the other opposition parties than in joining forces with them to keep the Alignment from getting more than its due.

THE BADER-OFFER amendment, which changed the method of calculating surplus votes in Knesset elections so as to benefit the large parties, also resulted from an Alignment-Gahal deal. This was a landmark in Israel's

parliamentary history, and the small parties are still dreaming of repealing it — but I found no mention of it in the book. In fact, although the Bader-Off amendment was passed in March 1973, the text of the Knesset Election Law appears in the Appendix in its original form, with no hint that the method of allocating the "left-over" seats was changed.

Nor did I discover in the book anything about a third deal between the Alignment and Gahal — the one which led to the adoption of the Election Law (Methods of Propaganda) which determined that parties competing in Knesset elections get very unequal radio and television time.

Shall we go on? "In most cases," we read, the Speaker has been chosen from the ranks of the largest party. Only once in the history of the Knesset... was the Speaker elected from one of the smaller parties (Nahum Nir). Again, how come? And again the answer is "dada" — but this time not necessarily with Gahal-Likud.

These things are the stuff of politics, and their omission leaves Weiss's portrait of the Knesset only two-dimensional.

But even with respect to its declared purpose — up-dating — the book does not do a satisfactory job. Although the copyright data is 1977, and the Eighth Knesset was organized in January 1974, many of the comparative tables give information for the first six

Knessets only. Other tables do not state which Knesset they refer to. The table on the distribution of committee assignments, mentioned above, is for the Seventh Knesset, although the data for the Eighth Knesset were available in early 1974.

The book has no index, which is inexcusable in a work that may be expected to be used for reference purposes.

WHEN PRIME MINISTER Rabin dismissed the National Religious Party cabinet ministers last December, he invoked Amendment No. 6 to the Transition Law. That amendment was adopted in 1962 in order to give the prime minister a weapon against ministers who failed to support the Government in the Knesset but nevertheless refused to resign.

Weiss's discussion of this problem reads as though it was written before the adoption of the amendment, with information about the latter tacked on later. As a result, it gives a distorted picture of the "complicity" of the problem. Constitutionally, since 1962, the matter has not been complicated at all. The Government only has to decide that it wishes to make an issue of a rebel minister's behaviour.

Any complications that occur are political, and they come later. But Mr. Rabin can tell us more about that. □

His own image

MY SEARCH FOR THE MESSIAH: Studies and Wanderings in Israel and America, by Mark Jay Mirsky. New York, Macmillan. 240 pp. \$10.95.

Lynn Sharon

ON THE SURFACE this book appears to be reflective, contemplative and full of philosophical and theological abstractions. Mark Mirsky, a member of the English faculty at New York City College, seems to be offering us a subjective appraisal and analysis of American Judaism — end its temporal and

religious institutions, American Jewish writers, and a side excursion to Israel.

This illusion is fleetingly reinforced by the book's epigraph and quotations from Talmudic sources, as well as anecdotal and other material on Harry Wolfson, Rabbi Joseph Soloveitchik, and Gershom Scholem — whom Mirsky dubs his "Three Gurus."

But don't let all the philosophic trappings fool you. Mirsky's book adds up to nothing more than the metaphysical meanderings of a 36-year-old adolescent who wants to shape Judaism in his own confounded image. A horny Huckleberry Finn, he seems to be searching for a purified Frankish-Shabbatean Messianic formula

which could incorporate his eroticism and give it Halachic sanction. Mirsky is a man possessed and obsessed by his relatively new-found faith, and this obsession is extended to his "Three Gurus."

He heaps praise on them; and, fortunately for them and us, these three robust intellectual giants can survive even Mirsky's ecstasies. And if his praise is suffocating, his disdain is devastating.

"Your Jewish ideal and mine are not the same," he smugly asserts, "a drunken folk singer...strumming his guitar...the middle of the road rebbe who breathes olleh... Nightmares! Almost as bad as official Judaism's answer to the problem of adventure — Israel! All of us who have amarted from the nasty, selfish, and arrogant one-upmanship of the cousins from Tel Aviv...know how

bankrupt it is to point vaguely in the direction of the Israeli state...saying that's the answer."

MIRSKY, however, does not really dislike us; in fact, he is filled with much love for the spiritual Jerusalem, and the spiritual Eretz Yisrael too. He loves, and would kiss every ancient stone; the Kofet fills him with ecstasy and awe — if only Israel were not cluttered up with so many selfish, materialistic and arrogant Israelis who insist on putting up ugly housing projects that stand out like warts and deface the once beautiful, barren biblical landscape.

Heaven makes his "obnoxious" cousins from Tel Aviv sound rational. They plead:

"But Maaleh (Mark), I'm supposed to live in a tent with the kids!" And Maisha stands up to their

Classy archive

IN VOGUE, Sixty Years of International Celebrities and Fashion from British Vogue by Georgina Howell. New York, Schocken. 344 pp. \$34.95

"TO LOSE weight has become an obsession, and Vogue gives women oar *blanche* to dress as they like — controlled by the permanent limitations of good taste and the current limitations of the mode."

So begins the chapter on a good year, 1928, when you could get "an evening dress from your little dressmaker" for four pounds sterling, and everybody who was anybody "took their vitamins along with their cocktails." Among the awriters of that year, those by Worth and Schiaparelli would make fine acquisitions for anybody's wardrobe today.

And from the winter before, a round half-century ago, a gala dress for a gala 1927 evening was a "mushroom-plaid Greek robe in soft grey-blue satin on a drawstring neck, the peplum hem weighted with opalescent beads. Over it a richer grey-blue velvet lined with ruby poplin, the velvet brushed with peacock and stomped with gold."

It looks beautifully simple, by the way, and if fate were cruel enough to require me to dress for a gala evening in 1977, I'd be perfectly happy in this one.

These are some of the ways of looking at this sumptuous album of social history illustrated with 1,000 pictures reflecting culture and behaviour — and snobbery end jet-setting down the decades, and yes, even reactions to two wars and economic struggle. The photographs are among the world's best; the woman wearing the clothes are the celebrities of the day from Sarah Bernhardt and Lillian Gish to Dominique Sanda and Bianca Jagger. And the fashion moral, if you want to be perfectly practical, is: never throw anything away; its cycle is bound to come round again.

From hundreds of thousands of pictures and thoughts in the back issues of British Vogue since 1916, a rich selection has been polished, analysed, and brightly organized by Georgina Howell, who has been associated with Vogue since 1960 and has also been the Observer's fashion editor. Her material is a high-class archive of a certain slice of history, "a kind of time machine," as the jacket says; or else a record of dreams and fantasies as spun by editors,

copywriters, and merchandise tie-ups; or else both together in undeterminable proportions.

BOTH AS an attic-treasure-trove of easy-to-take history and as a remembrance of nonsense past, the book is great fun — more fun, as I recall, than the actual work at Vogue, where I put in a curious year some decades back. Perhaps the British did it more lightly; in New York the job was taken very earnestly, and with incredible standards of workmanship. Once, I remember editor Jessica Davies had me rewrite a four-line caption for a little black dress 16 times.

But Vogue jokes abounded even then. I remember two, although not whether they were Vogue-born or came from the satirical pen of S.J. Perelman. Both dealt with the magazine's style and content, and they went: A) "Fincubated, he has his own symphony orchestra"; end B) "Why don't you wash your blond child's hair in dead champagne, as they do in France?"

A quick look through the captions for an Israeli connection revealed, for the 1969 look, suede trousers by Bege-Or (but you can hardly see them) topped by a beautiful tapestry-pattern knitted cardigan coat.

The excellent index points up this scope: Princess Anne, Vanessa Bell, Carol Chapak, Dior, T.S. Eliot, The Female Munich, and so on to Ziegfeld. □ M.W.

London pride

PORT, CRITIC, anthologist and prolific author, Edward Lucia-Smith also appears to be a remarkably witty and discriminating shopper. The First London Catalogue (Paddington Press, London. 224 pp. £2.60) is everything that its subtitle claims it is — a guide to "all appurtenances of civilized, amusing and comfortable (London) life."

Its tasteful printing and pleasing format, combined with an excellent choice of illustrations, make the catalogue a celebration of London shops. Even those of us who are familiar with the city can discover again what a marvellous place it really is. Over 800 special shops are listed under a dozen headings — Eatables, Drinkables and Smokables; Wearables, Sporting things, Jewellery & Silver, Household things, crafts, hobbies, books and prints, musicals, juvenalia and odds and ends.

Hundreds of photographed items are priced in sterling and in dollars. But because of the rate of inflation in Britain, and because the catalogue first appeared in 1974 and this is not a revised edition, prospective shoppers ought to be careful.

MORE DURABLE — and standing a far greater chance of weathering inflation's evil effects — is Martin Hall's The Blue Plaques Guide to London Homes (London, Queen Anne Press, 180 pp. £3.95). It appears that there are at least 355 Blue Plaques homes in London. The blue ceramic plaques that hang above the pavement level, the litter, his shop front and living room windows of London streets are meant to draw your attention to premises associated with artists, scientists and politicians now thought to be deserving of a commemorative plaque.

The guide is arranged not according to the men and women commemorated, but by district — Central London, North and North-East, and South of the River. It is extremely useful for interested visitors as well as for Londoners. It contains much trivia and entertaining information about the famous people mentioned. Friends in Chelsea; Henry Fielding's ancestral house in Bow Street; Dr. Johnson's associations with Fleet Street; Elizabeth Barrett-Browning's secret romance at the house in Wimpole Street; the famous Bloomsbury set; Karl Marx, Sigmund Freud; D.H. Lawrence; and W.B. Yeats in his shabby rooms in Woburn Buildings, where a charwoman "would look in three times a week when he wasn't working." □ T.H.B.

Only too true

THE SPLENDOR OF THE HOLY LAND: Egypt, Jordan, Israel, Lebanon, by Robert Payne. New York, Harper & Row. 186 pp. \$9.95.

Robert D. Kaplan

THE OLD travellers knew the proper spells. They knew that the better part of travelling was in standing still. The best travellers walk at the pace of snails," begins the author of this book. Too true. Nikos Kasantzakis rode by camel from the coast to Mount Sinai half a century ago, then slept at the foot of the mountain and made the ascent the following morning. The recent, published in *Journeys*, was probably the most moving description of the area yet written.

But Mr. Payne fails to take his own advice. With his opening

sentences still fresh in our memory, we find him already plane-hopping from Cairo to Luxor, staying at a first-class hotel, and flying back after seeing only one of the tombs in the Valley of the Kings. So the book continues. The consequence, with the exception of a few segments, is ill-chosen dribble rarely rising above the obvious, occasionally laced with a factual error.

There is a run-of-the-mill anecdote about Russian criticism of Egypt. I've heard half a dozen better ones from people who live there. Mr. Payne takes five pages to describe the beauty of the Ibn Tulun mosque, yet fails to mention that it has all but fallen into disrepair. And the Gayer-Anderson House, one of Egypt's most noteworthy museums housed within Ibn Tulun's walls, isn't even mentioned.

The author states that Al Ashar

University "to this day remains the hub" of Cairo's intellectual life. In fact, Al Ashar ceased to hold this position soon after the turn of the century, as documented in the memoirs of the famous educator, Taha Hussein.

Going back to the first chapter, Mr. Payne writes that "nearly all the holy places lie close to the desert" because "in the desert men have thought their purest thoughts." Again, too true. Then why doesn't he mention the Coptic monasteries in Egypt's desert near the Red Sea, or on the desert road between Cairo and Alexandria?

Instead there is a chapter on a church in a Cairo suburb. Like other chapters in the book, it is filled with much hackneyed background material already available in other volumes on the subject.

One wonders just when Mr. Payne was in the Middle East. He talks about the danger of boating on the Sea of Galilee because "from time to time a Syrian gunner would let loose a few rounds of ammunition to relieve

the monotony of his life on the heights." Also, the chapter on Jericho is included under the section on Jordan.

This chapter on the Jordan River is perceptive and thorough. And there are excellent descriptions of Ras al Naqab and Azrak of the Pools in Jordan.

Robert Payne is a good writer. All the more sad that his book is so often superficial. □

Cartography

A MODERN ATLAS OF AFRICAN HISTORY by G.S.P. Freeman-Grenville. London, Rex Collings. 68 pp. Price not stated.

THE MAPS in this small atlas are a valuable aid for any student of Africa. Everything, from the distribution of the tsetse fly, the migratory movements of 4,000 years ago to the progress of decolonization in this century, is included. A good general reference. □ L.H.R.

The harvest

TORAH AND FLORA by Louia I. Rabinowitz. New York, Sanhedrin Press. 167 pp. \$9.95.

ADDICTS of Rabbi Rabinowitz's weekly column in *The Jerusalem Post* will without doubt wish to find a place of honour on their bookshelves for this handsomely produced volume.

All the parashot ha-shavua are covered in the author's inimitable style overflowing with love for the land of Israel. For many, this book may mean a repetition of items read over the years in *The Post*, but to have the gems of the years' harvest at one's fingertips will be considered a bonus by most readers.

The discovery of the land of Israel and its beauty through its plants and agricultural products, and through the love of nature expressed by our rabbis and sages, will give the reader many hours of pleasure. □ Martin Stern

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TV series tie-in

FOR ALL THOSE who wish they could remember all the dazzling wit and barbed insults of Frederic Raphael's diamond-sharp and glittering TV scripts for *The Glittering Prizes*, here it all is, garnished and served by Penguin. Indeed, that's all it is. The superb dialogue of Raphael's brilliant, articulate, and unhappy Cambridge Bright Young Things has been put between soft covers with little, if any, attempt at further development. The talk carries all the spark and bite it did when delivered by Tom Conti, Angela Downe and Co., but the paragraphs in between read like stage directions. ("She went into the bedroom and shut the door. He stood there gazing in the mirror at his grief-ravaged face with a certain interest.")



THE GLITTERING PRIZES by Frederic Raphael. London, Penguin. 297 pp. 80p.

Martin Sieff

super-pseud Mike Clode, fearless TV inquisitor and prime Australian bastard Alan Parks and all the others. Most of all, here again is Jew-hating-Jew-through, and will delight and console those who were still waiting for the TV repurman last autumn. For the rest of us privileged aficionados here are welcome reminders of gin-soaked, phandering sociologist Gavin Pope, theatrical whiz-kid and him.

RAPHAEL'S PROSE isn't as good as the superb BBC production in catching the atmosphere of time and place, but it still comes through, only a little faded. This glittering Cambridge was 15 years earlier than my Oxford but there are enough familiar touches to leave the conviction that, yes, it must have been like that. Nostalgia-hungry Anglophiles can be reassured that the romantic musical-chairs at the end-of-year Ball hasn't changed at all. I can also vouch for the realism of the plate-glass, northern university in the early 1970s and the nuances of student protest therein. Alas, alas, bare-bosom protest against American Imperialism wasn't in vogue in my time.

Mr. Raphael has written a witty and civilized novel. It reads easily, and some of the touches are so good they can be read again — an unusual achievement in modern English literature. The brilliant Fascist writer with whom Adam has a stunning verbal duel was not a million miles removed from Henry Williamson. London literary gossip buzzed for weeks on who the originals for the other characters were. A little speculation adds to the spice, but *Glittering Prizes* is a fun enough read without it. □

Romantic fiction

STRAWBERRIES IN THE SEA by Elisabeth Ogilvie (Avon, IL28.20). Reads as fresh as a salt breeze off the Maine coast where tomboyish 20-year-old heels broken romance and heart by working on her fishing boat, lobster nets and run-down summer cottage on a small island. Well written with authentic local colour, dialogue and insight into fleeting agonies of rejected love.

A selection of new paperback editions of current novels published with an eye to women readers. All are available in local bookshops, and prices include VAT.

MY LORD JOHN by Georgette Heyer (Bantam, IL28.20). Devotees of historical novels can return pleasantly to mediaeval days to brood with England's King Richard II whose throne was usurped by his cousin, Henry IV, who glorifies the House of Lancaster, ably abetted by his third son, John. This last opus by the late Georgette Heyer is highly readable, as usual, and she effortlessly re-creates the fourteenth century, skilfully livening it with Chaucerian English, which is explained in a glossary.

Jennie Tarabulus
Mishmash of family members, reform and Hassidic rabble and psychiatrist analyse her problem on luxury trip to Europe, awash in champagne. Ends unexpectedly with a dramatic switch to drinking ouzo on a Greek island!

GOD AND SARAH PEDLOCK by Stephen Longstreet (Avon, IL28.20). Longstreet's latest novel in his series about a wealthy American Jewish family, has their beautiful part-Jewish daughter, a concert pianist, suffer religious nightmares which threaten a brilliant career.

ISLAND OF FLOWERS by Denise Robins (Avon, IL18.90). Originally published 35 years ago, this hearts-and-flowers romance is about a wealthy, pampered Spanish Cossanova who is trying to seduce the beautiful, faithful wife of a handsome Englishman. The husband, in his turn, is being blackmailed by a ruthless blonde who blows smoke rings and habitually slits her eyes in appraising every situation. Hawaii is the appropriate setting of this floral happening. Chocolate-cream reading.

seven children to rustle cattle, murder, prostitute themselves with sheriffs, steal land and occasionally indulge in a hypocritical sing-song around the piano. This, of course is only a facade while they sneer at law-abiding folk (including their own father who lives alone on an adjoining ranch). Spur-jangling evil at its worst. Mesmerizes from first to last page.

THE WOLF AND THE DOVE by Kathleen E. Woodiwiss (Avon, IL28.90). William of Normandy conquers England at Hastings in 1066 but a year later his fierce knight, Wulfgar, still hasn't subdued a fiery Saxon maid and her vengeful mother, now his unwilling sorcs. This long, action-packed novel, notable for bedding down wenchas, sword slashing and the ineptitude of dowagers, ends exhaustedly with Norman-Saxon domestic peace achieved by Wulfgar promoting his two sorcs — to wife and now agreeable mother-in-law.

MAVREEN by Clair Lorrimer (Bantam, IL28.90). The natural daughter of a doting English nobleman and the son of a French aristocratic family grow up together and fall in love, only to be thwarted by the French revolution, Napoleonic wars and, alas, each repeatedly believing the other to be dead. Their sentimental story is ennobled by ennobled palaces and villas all this way to Russia. Reeks with morality. □

High-school spy story

THE SECRET LIST OF HEINRICH ROEHM by Michael Barak. London, Woldenfeld and Nicolson. 228 pp. 28.85.

What is significant about this discovery is that the misalliance intended for use against Israel but against the Arab oil-producing countries. The Russians plan to put pressure on the West by completely cutting off the supply of fuel to Europe and America. This is to be accomplished by instigating a war between Israel and Egypt and Syria, and then promoting a coup in Egypt. Once in power, the leader of the coup

will order all Arab oil-producing countries to cease their shipments to the West, with a threat to destroy their cities and oilfields with the IREB missile if they do not comply.

What is refreshing about *The Secret List of Heinrich Roehm* is its many ingenious twists. However, the novel's potential significance is sorely undermined by the manner in which the tale is told. In a style emulating Ian Fleming, Barak inserts countless sensational trivia and relies so much on melodrama that he renders the book too simplistic for serious, mature reading. □

Barbie Zelizer

YOUNG M., a graduate student, came running into my head. He was very excited and nearly bumped into one of the several rather handsome preconceptions with which my head is furnished. (A few need re-upholstering.) M. waved a newspaper at me.

"Look!" he said, eyes flashing — though it was only breakfast — "We're saving Riyadh U.I." "What are you talking about?" I asked grumpily. Youthful enthusiasm early in the morning is hard to take, and I'm not nearly as tolerant of university as graduates — or at least, not of graduates — one of the 50,000 or so we're currently producing — as I ought to be.

M. flipped a cushion off one of my most comfortable preconceptions and sat on it. He spread out two pages from the *International Herald Tribune* of April 12, 1977. "It's all here," he said. "The Kingdom of Saudi Arabia. University of Riyadh, Faculty of Arts, invites application for appointments to positions of professors of — let's see — History of Journalism, Sociology, Broadcasting (Radio) and Television." That's Full Professors. Associate Professors in Literature and Criticism and Advertising Art and Social Work. That one has to be female. Its says here. And 'Mass-Media (International and Theories), Public Relations, Drama (Preferably in Post-Renaissance) and Modern Poetry.'"

Interrupted M.'s happy burble and kicked at the newspaper. "I see you're leaving out Ancient Arabic Literature — they want a female Assistant Professor for that — and Arabic Grammar and Syntax."

"WE MIGHT NOT be able to handle those so well," said M.

"At least not at first, because they have to be Native Speakers of Arabic. Though this certainly opens up interesting possibilities for a breakthrough we badly need. But don't you see, this Arabian soil for Linguistics Lecturer, female, and Public Relations Assistant Professor — why, it can positively solve the whole problem facing our institutions of higher learning."

"You mean," I responded, "this situation we find ourselves in, following right behind the American experience, of turning out these streams of first, second, and third degrees in Drama, Komunikaziya, History, and Mathematics, which, alas, have nowhere to go? Not to mention the present dire financial straits of

YOU TOO, RIYADH?

THE KINGDOM OF SAUDI ARABIA University of Riyadh

Applications are invited for appointments to positions of lecturers, assistant professors and above starting October, 1977, in the following specializations:

MODERN LEVEL & EARLIER PERIODS: 1 Female Specialist.
POETRY-MODERN & EARLIER PERIODS: 2 Specialists: 1 Male and 1 Female.
LINGUISTICS: 1 Female.
DRAMA: 2 Specialists: 1 Male and 1 Female (preferably) in Post-Renaissance Drama, excluding Modern Drama.

At all levels, candidates must have Doctorate or M.A. qualifications in their respective fields and have experience as regular teaching staff in accredited Universities.

SALARIES AND ALLOWANCES (Saudi Riyals per month)

Position	Salary*	Annual Increment	Housing Allowance
Professor (Ph.D.)	6,000-6,500*	200	20,000**
Associate Professor (Ph.D.)	4,800-5,300*	200	17,000**
Assistant Professor (Ph.D.)	3,800-4,300*	200	15,000**
Language Lecturers: (a) M.A. (in Language Teaching + Lab Experience). (b) M.A. (Female) in Linguistics.	3,000-3,250*	150	13,500**

BENEFITS: Tax free, free medical service, annual passage-paid (60 days) leave.

our poor universities?"

"Absolutely! Our excess production can now go straight to Riyadh U.I." said M. with an implacable, second degree grin. "Not directly, of course. There'd have to be re-packaging, re-shipping. But just look at the pay! An Associate Prof., not even a full one, gets around 5,000 Riyals a month, it says here. That's 60,000 n years. I figured it out, though my field isn't economics. Plus 12 per cent cost-of-living allowance. Plus another 17,000 Riyals in housing allowance. Plus 50 per cent of the housing allowance as furniture allowance. Plus a trip home every year and 80 days' leave. And — I like this — it's all tax free."

There was no stopping M. "I even figured out what a Riyal is worth in Israeli pounds. By comparing the subscription rates in *Newsweek*."

Helga Dudman

I complimented M. on his intellectual resourcefulness, which is after all one of the aims of higher education. "More or less. It adds up to IL27,700 a year. For a crummy Associate Professor," said M. "I haven't added in the value of that free trip home. If you passed it up and stayed home to correct papers or something for those two months, it could be another couple of thou."

HE WAS FULL of admiration, M. went on, for the way the Saudis had so swiftly swung into the Super-Groves of Academe. Because recent figures indicate that their illiteracy rate is around 85 per cent. "There's a pyramid

for you," chortled M. "Enough to drive the Egyptians wild with envy!"

Always prone to worry, I began to speculate as to what the poor Saudis would do with their excess Linguistics and Renaissance Drama Professors when they started pumping them out the other end, which might well, and catastrophically, be about the time the wells run dry or those energy substitutes are discovered.

At the same time, I noted the emphasis on soft courses, as distinguished from the tough sciences, the same falling-off in student interest that has been felt here. But after all, this was not the College of Petroleum and Minerals, which is at Dhahran and not Riyadh.

Instead, turning healthily to sex, I asked M. why R.U. was be-

ing so fussy about appointing males and females. "I've given this considerable thought," he said. "Either they have separate classes for boys and girls, or else — and this is just a guess — they want to be sure the foreign staff is equally divided between men and women. So that there wouldn't be too much — you know — fraternization. The way," and here M. winked, "don't you have some sort of a boy friend at the University there? Name of Osem, or something?"

"Certainly not," I said, though the memory hurt. And M. was getting on my nerves. "Anyway, his name was Isam, and he was at King Abdulaziz University, which is at Jeddah. And it's all past, and we knew each other only through *Time* magazine." I moved to the offensive. "Do you seriously think we can ship out our excess Communications Professors (sex unspecified) straight to Saudi Arabia? With degrees marked Made in Israel?"

"NO, THERE is indeed a technical problem," said M. "But it's sweet, don't you think, that the *Herald Tribune* advertisement doesn't say anything about how no Israelis, or even Jews, need apply? Even though they're very clear about sex?"

The thing to do, he went on, was to organize what he called a "Re-Aliya" plan, or "Circle," or possibly even "Deak," whereby "Zionist-oriented American professors would agree to 'go up to Saudia' as a 'sort of shikui,' thus vacating their American posts for Israeli professors and graduate students."

Everybody would agree to a sort of Riyal Shekel: 10 per cent of everybody's salary into a fund to save our universities. The details will have to be worked out. And we'd beef up the Arab studies here. It's the most practical plan for getting the Sephardi population into the Universities. Don't forget, it says here "Applicants must be native speakers of Arabic, except for the Department of English..."

M. began to fade away as I looked at a cartoon hanging over his head, in mine, where I've had it for years. It's from yet another American magazine, and it shows a nice little king, out on the balcony of his castle, addressing the populace. The caption goes, "It is my wish that this be the most educated country in the world, and toward that end I hereby ordain that each and every one of my people be given a diploma." □

Laws on the books and in the streets

CALEB'S COLUMN N. David Gross

THE KNESSET has over the years failed in the main to make sure that what it has decreed as law is in fact implemented. There was the pitiful case of Shimon Kanowitz who, when the State was young, pushed through a bill declaring it illegal for a motor vehicle to emit jets of black smoke — I think the State of Israel's first attempt to preserve our then

abundant fresh air. You only have to drive behind a bus, taxi or lorry up the hill from Shaar Hagat to Jerusalem any day of the week to have a laugh at poor Dr. Kanowitz' expense — and at the expense of your own lungs.

And there are the hundreds of Treasury regulations which even a former foreign minister protests he did not know about and a former prime minister couldn't bother about. If the regulations are important, then the Treasury must take steps to make sure that all persons affected know about them. If they are not important, then repeal them.

But these are marginal issues, although our lackadaisical treatment of them has led to our dis-regarding matters of life or death. Although the authorities have consistently denied it, it is now clear that there is a firmly entrenched criminal underworld in the Tel Aviv area, with tentacles reaching beyond it. All too

often, key witnesses to dreadful crimes disappear, others refuse to testify, fearing for their lives, or are spirited out of the country because it has not been possible to guarantee their safety at home.

Just this week there was another murder of a potential witness in a drug-smuggling trial. The side-effects of the drug trade have become more brutal and degrading than the effects of the drugs themselves.

IT IS THE JOB of the Knesset to make sure that the police are adequately equipped with funds and manpower (and that they use both in the most efficient way) to protect those who help them and to track down criminals. It is not enough to pass a law saying murder is a crime. Murders must be prevented. There must also be enough judges, and perhaps faster court procedure, for the speedy handling of cases and earlier acquittal of the innocent. □

MY PUBLISHER is a pleasant sort of fellow who has the welfare of his writers at heart. One day he took me aside and said:

"Look, you'd better think twice before you start on your next book, because the latest surveys show that nobody reads books any more."

"Come, come," I said. "I personally know a couple who buy at least two books a year."

"That's as may be," said my publisher. "But I can't put out an entire edition for just one couple. Anyway, I've been thinking. Why don't you write a children's book? Children still read."

"Sure," I said. "Why not? A children's book. What's the selling now?"

"Animals."

"Very well, I'll write you an animal story."

"Um... a hilly-goat. Kiddle the Bill. How's that?"

"Hal!" exclaimed my publisher. "Been done before: *Gilly the Goat*. Sold eight printings. Not a bad story either. Gilly runs away from home in a jeep, but after many adventures he finds that home is best after all and goes back to mama goat. You'll have to come up with something a bit less common."

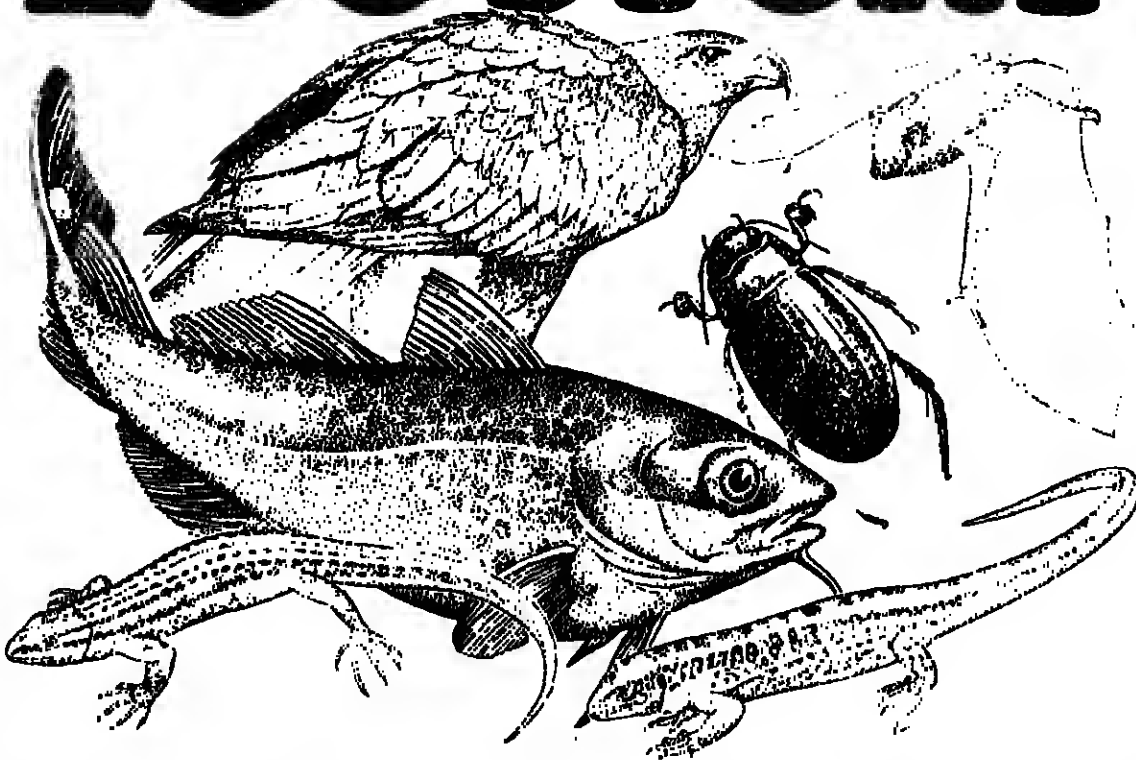
"Like what? A bear maybe?"

"I just published the last of our 'Bobby the Bugbear' series last week. Bobby runs away from home because he's got this bug about wild open spaces, but in the end he returns home because he finds that home is the best place after all. We've had everything, ohm — dogs, cats, cows, camels, mice, loe, the lot."

"How about a zebra?"

"Got one. *Ebra the Zebra Joins*

ZOO STORY



the *IRA*. Sixteen printings."

"Does he run away from home?"

"Yes, in a jeep. You'll have to find something new."

"A lemming."

"Don't be funny, it's been at the top of the best-seller list for a month: *Lemming Go, Lemming Go!* It runs away..."

"A bat?"

"Aladdin the Bat and the 40

Ephraim Kishon

Thieves. This silly little bat leaves home..."

"In a jeep?"

"No, he returns in a jeep."

MY PUBLISHER fetched the catalogue.

"Hardly an unemployed animal left," he mumbled, as he ran his

finger down the list. "There — *Iggy the Eagle at the Olympic Games*, *Monty the Merry Moriot*, *Hutch the Hippo*, who runs away to become a hippie."

"Got it!" I shouted. "A woodworm!"

"Twenty-three printings," my publisher snorted. *Joseph the Woodworm Goes Fishing*. Fairly amusing. He gets to America on

"How?"

"Hides in a cargo of jeans."

"I see. Well, I suppose there's nothing left but a flea."

"*Lee the Flea Flees the Cops*. Came out this autumn. She runs away from home, goes to the flea market, not a bad story at all."

"Snakes. Got any snakes?"

"Crawling with them. *Greedy the Viper at the Travelling Circus*. He gets friendly with the boy next door, and they run away with Betty the Beetle."

"Codfish?"

"*Shimmalee the Codfish Hijacks a Plane*."

"Snails?"

"*Micky and Moecky the Snooty Snails*. They're twins, and they run away from the home on their backs, but they return because it's cold outside."

"Very well," I sighed. "A sea sponge."

"Splendid!" he beamed at me. "I don't believe that's been done yet. You'll have to write fast, though, because once the word gets round there'll be three different versions in the bookshops before you can say 'eat'."

"Leave it to me," I said. "You can add it to your catalogue: *Spooner the Sponges Goes to Town*."

"Shoot!"

I drove home at breakneck speed, and in two days I'd finished the first in the series. It turned out quite well, too: Spooner runs away from home to become a bath-sponge in Jerusalem, but after all sorts of adventures he returns home. I think he'd better return in a jeep. □

Translated by Miriam Arad.
By arrangement with Moariv.

Jerusalem College of Technology Salutes the Samsons

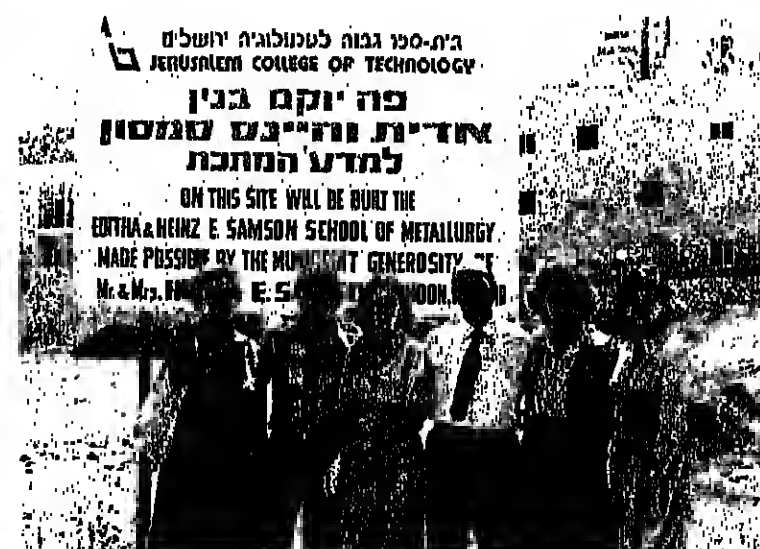
The Jerusalem College of Technology is proud to salute Mr. and Mrs. Heinz E. Samson of London on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Marlow Steel Works and the groundbreaking of the Editha and Heinz E. Samson School of Metallurgy on the college campus.

The students and faculty of JCT are honoured to pay tribute to Mr. and Mrs. Heinz E. Samson of London on the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of Marlow Steel Works. As friends who have expressed their devotion to the State of Israel and its people, the Samsons have time and again demonstrated their involvement and leadership in the most practical of terms. Recognizing that Israel's future rests with the quality of its youth, they have made a signal contribution by meeting and anticipating the growing needs of our country's educational facilities.

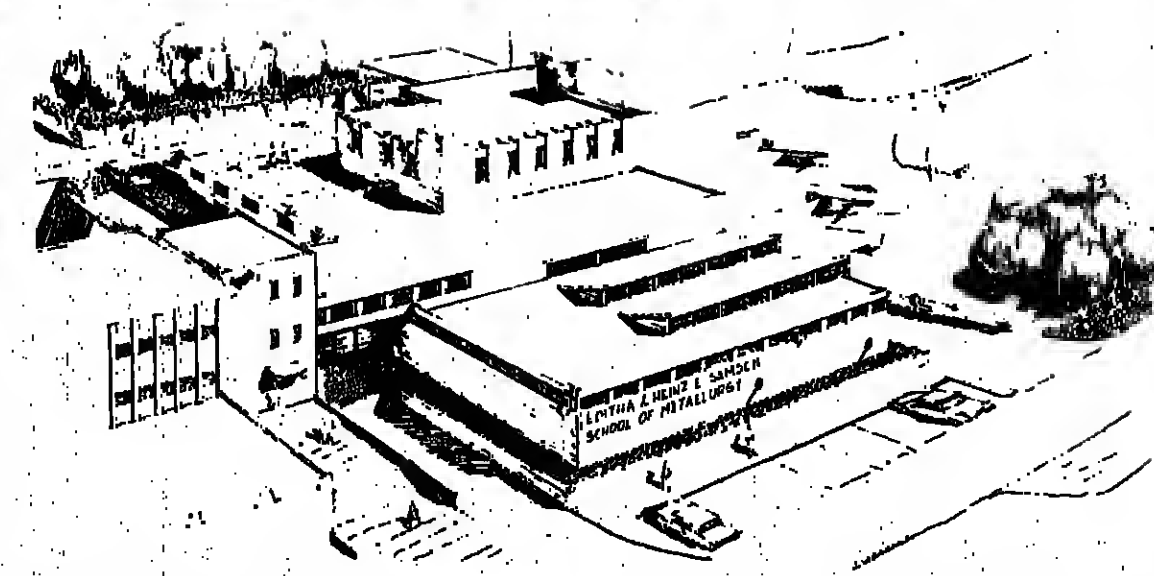
Mr. Samson was born in Germany. He moved to England just prior to World War II where he started as an apprentice tool-maker at Kings Langley, Eng. A man of great foresight and zeal, he founded the Marlow Steel Works in 1953 and built a formidable industrial complex which is today a major supplier of metal plate to the British automobile industry. Recognized as an authority in the field of steel fabrication and stainless steel, his professional advice is sought throughout the world.

A man of decisive action and determination, he decided to endow the Editha and Heinz E. Samson School of Metallurgy at the Jerusalem College of Technology, enabling Israel to benefit from his experience. This school will add significantly to the college's development and will enhance Israel's industrial potential. The JCT was founded in 1970 with the object of integrating Jewish ethics and modern technology by training young men who will maintain Jewish religious tradition while assuming important positions in industry and education. The Samson School of Metallurgy and Materials Engineering will join the already-established Departments of Electronics, Computer Science, Electro-Optics, Applied Physics and Teacher Education in meeting the scientific and technological demands of Israel's industry. This new faculty is being planned by a team of experts and will, like our other faculties, emphasize the practical aspects of the profession.

With great admiration and gratitude, we at the Jerusalem College of Technology convey our best wishes of Mazal Tov to the Samsons on this memorable occasion. May they be blessed with the gifts of health and happiness for many years to come.



Mr. and Mrs. Samson and family on a recent visit to the campus of the Jerusalem College of Technology.



The Editha and Heinz E. Samson School of Metallurgy now under construction on the JCT campus in Givat Mordechai, Jerusalem.

Middle-class Brecht

BERTOLT BRECHT'S *The Good Woman of Setzuan*, Habimah's latest offering, ends with a heart-rending plea. "Who has a good end?" the heroine beseeches the audience. "There must be, there must be one!" The heroine is the "good woman" of the title, the embodiment of purity and selflessness, whom circumstances have forced to become as unfeeling and cruel as the rest in order to survive. The moral of the play is that there is room for good people in a world such as ours.

To stress the situation's universality, Brecht placed the action in a never-never town of Setzuan in China. The time may be the present, because there is industry and air travel and transactions in dollars, or the distant past, for gods still walk the earth.

Borrowing a story from the Bible, Brecht promoted angels to the status of gods, and made them with the town of Setzuan in search of one good person to save the world from destruction. One such person is found — Shen Te, the town prostitute, who else?

Like Rahab in the book of Joshua, Shen Te, who has a heart of gold — as do all whores in drylands for adults — puts up the



THEATRE Mendel Kohansky

strangers when everyone else refuses them shelter, and is rewarded with a sum of money large enough to enable her to go into the tobacco industry.

Which is where her troubles begin, because a swarm of parasites and crooks descends on her, determined to clean her out. Realizing that the goodness of her heart will lead to ruin, Shen Te assumes the personality of a make-believe cousin, Shui Ta. She drives away the leeches, ruthlessly exploits her starving

employees, and altogether behaves in a rational manner.

Only when the townspeople become suspicious about the good Shen Te's absence, and Shui Ta is put on trial for her murder, does the truth come out. Sitting in judgment, the three fatuous gods hear the woman's plea that she had to become hard and ruthless because this is what the world demands, decides that there is nothing wrong with a world in which there are such good souls and, fully satisfied, return to their heavenly abode.

WRITTEN in the familiar Brechtian idiom, chopped up into small

scenes, with performers occasionally leaving the action to address the audience directly, the play is a lesson in the workings of a social system based on man's exploitation of man. There are no ruthless capitalists and honest proletarians here: all are depraved, because the system corrupts everyone — even someone as angelic as Shen Te.

Like most Brecht plays, this too is rather on the simplistic side. And also as with many Brecht plays, the subject runs counter to the author's intentions. Instead of a figure out of a parable, a didactic image to personify the lesson he wanted to teach, Brecht created a warm, deeply touching, very feminine character who forces the audience to commiserate with her plight.

The Good Woman is an unnecessarily long play, with scenes which clutter up the plot interspersed between hard-hitting scenes which forcefully propel the action forward.

WILL ANYONE leave his well-upholstered seat in the Habimah theatre after the curtain falls on Shen Te's rousing plea, determined to change the world? I doubt it. It is Brecht's sad posthumous fate that his plays are performed for their entertainment value, for the interesting characters, the sharp dialogue, but that his own intent is missing. This is also true of the Habimah

production, under the generally competent but unimaginative direction of David Levin. The play proceeds properly, there is much colour and plenty of movement. An occasional scene — like the one in the factory, with the workers collapsing under their burdens and the foreman kicking them back into life — lifts the show above the ordinary, but there is no bite here. It is Brecht for the middle class.

summertime

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iwonir FASHION'S GOOD TASTE

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מקדא מן האל



Part of original art gallery showing works by members of the Moshav Movement, at the Beit Herut Drive-In shop.

OFF THE BEATEN TRACK

"WHY DON'T YOU get out of Tel Aviv more often?" my readers sometimes complain. I did get out of town recently, thanks to the persuasive powers of Reuven Goodman of Moshav Beit Herut, near Netanya, on the road to Kfar Vitkin. He invited me to visit the moshav's roadside shop called "Drive-In" — and I was not disappointed in the least.

Roadside shopping is not a new phenomenon in the big, wide world, but you are unlikely to find anywhere else such a selection of products under one roof as at Beit Herut's Drive-In. At one end of the huge store is a mini-market for turkey products; at the other end is an elegant gallery of original art works by Moshav Movement members; in between is a huge selection of gift items, with art posters predominating. This highly unlikely combination of merchandise is arranged so skillfully that the effect is not jarring, but extremely pleasant.

There is a logic to it all, of course. The roadside shop was opened in order to market, at discount prices, products of the two major industries of Beit Herut. These happen to be turkey raising and the Hod Lavan turkey products plant; and a commercial screen-process printing plant, Shohar, which makes, among other things, the Israeli pop-art posters so popular with tourists. My host, Mr. Goodman, who is general manager of Shohar, is a former South African; but the founders of Beit Herut were from the U.S., mainly Labour-Zionists (and in no way connected with the Herut political movement). They call their village a Yankiss success story.

THE DRIVE-IN shop, which started out with the turkey products and "seconds" of the art posters, recently expanded to a huge 500 sq.m. Its range of goods has expanded, too, largely due to the influence of Haim Widetsky, originally of Minneapolis, who is director of Shohar's consumer products division and who selects the non-Belt Herut giftware of the shop. He has brought together one of the best selections of Israeli

MARKETING WITH MARTHA

(and a few imported) gift items I have seen anywhere in the country. And they sell for 10 to 15 per cent less than elsewhere.

Most of Drive-In's customers are Israeli motorists who, having heard about it from friends, stop by while driving on the Tel Aviv-Haifa motorway for some other reason. It's on the road to Kfar Vitkin, and although you can get on to that road whichever way you are driving, it's easier to find if you're coming from the south. After the Netanya interchange, watch for a footbridge over the motorway about 10km. further on. Just beyond the bridge there is a right turning, clearly marked for Beit Herut. Then you can't miss the Drive-In sign.

The busiest shopping day at Drive-In is Shabbat, when shop hours are 9.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. non-stop. (This is a good argument for a five-day work week in Israel, so families could travel and shop without encouraging businesses to work on the Sabbath.) On weekdays, shopping hours are 8 a.m. to 7 p.m., and on Fridays, only until 5 p.m.

Few tourists manage to get to Drive-In, partly because there is no restaurant there (just coolers for soft drinks, at a low Ilii price), and because nothing has been done to encourage guides to bring tour buses in. Tourists would find much to buy there, at better prices than they find in town.

Shohar's own Israeli posters, for instance, sell for Ilii.50 compared with an average Ilii.80 or Ilii.20 at urban souvenir shops. The biblical-theme posters for children's rooms are big sellers with tourists, and for export. Another favourite, I'm told, is the "Coca-Cola" design in Hebrew, which appears on table placemats as well. At Drive-In, you can pick up "seconds" of posters and novelty signs very cheaply, and many have only minor printing defects.

People with a macabre sense of

humor are attracted to signs (in English) such as "Sea of Galilee, dedicated in loving memory of Irving Shapiro by his loving wife Sophie," or "Suez Canal, presented to the people of Egypt by coulo Henry." For more conventional tastes, there are souvenir signs such as "Israel National Railway — Jerusalem."

THE NEWEST section of the shop is the original art gallery, which offers works by members of the Moshav Movement. For instance, there is a Ilii.200 sculpture by Mordechai Katri of Nahalal, who designed the Holocaust monument at Yad Vashem. Oil paintings, watercolours and etchings are priced in the thousands and hundreds.

For art collectors with more modest budgets, there is a new line of what are called "Shohar Serigraphs," prices from Ilii.00 upwards. A serigraph is a silk-screen print (whereas a lithograph is made from a stone block) of a work of art, done in a limited quantity with the artist's cooperation. Each print is numbered and signed by the artist, and names include Nahum Gutman, Yossi Stern, Johanan Simon, and other Israeli artists of note.

In the lower price range, imported pop-art posters and art reproductions are big favourites with the Israeli customers. Shohar is the local import agent for "Athens" brand reproductions and posters from England, and Scandecor posters and photographs from Sweden. These sell at Drive-In at lower prices than in town.

I cannot enumerate all the gift items on sale at Drive-In, but among those which caught my eye were novelty candles by Mik (Bat-Yam), games from Or-Da, and Persian-style ceramic tiles by Ardan (B'nai B'rak).

For local shoppers stopping at Drive-In, a big attraction is the food department, which features the entire range of Hod Lavan turkey products at prices 10 to 15 per cent lower than in supermarkets. At holiday seasons, like frozen turkeys can be

ordered in advance, but the shop does not yet have adequate freezer space to stock these on a regular basis.

The undisputed "queen" of the food department is Malka, a mother of five and veteran member of Beit Herut, who is ready to advise on meat products. Among the attractive non-meat items on sale are fresh pineapples (grown by another moshav) and chocolate-covered mints by Taste of Israel gourmet foods.

I'M A SUCKER for clever signs, and I could not pass by one which reads "Tourists! Do It Yourself Israel! Take Home." It hangs in the window of the "Diratenu" do-it-yourself shop at 10 Frishman St. in Tel Aviv, near the Dan Hotel. It turns out that tourists are not really expected to lug do-it-yourself furniture home from Israel — although Diratenu manager Charles Levy, a former New Yorker, says that some tourists from Iran have purchased pine-wood cabinets to assemble at home, because of the high cost of wood there.

The biggest selling items for tourists, however, are Buckler's, the assemble-it-yourself belts and brass buckles, and Taghin's cardboard make-them-yourself puppets for children. The belts sell for Ilii.50, buckles for Ilii.45. The puppets come in two versions — a biblical-theme set that goes on wooden sticks, and a camel operated by strings. The sets currently sell for Ilii.5, but they may soon rise to Ilii.20. Still, an inexpensive gift-from-Israel.

Some English tourists have taken back the easy-assemble children's play table (Ilii.50) and chairs (Ilii.00 or Ilii.20). And the rocking-chair from Rumania (Ilii.00) and Danish light fixtures to assemble at home are also popular with tourists, even though they are not made in Israel. So is the bottle-cutter from France, which enables you to recycle non-returnable glass bottles into drinking glasses, vases and other useful objects.

The main aim of Diratenu, however, is to sell do-it-yourself furniture to Israelis. There is another shop by the same name in Haifa, which gets its components from the same factory.

Charles Levy, who used to run an objets d'art shop on Manhattan's fashionable East Side, also carries a bit of original art in his do-it-yourself shop, again mainly for tourists.

IF YOU HAVE tourists visiting you this summer — and who doesn't? — I suggest you take them to see Israel's only gallery for cartoon art, called "Graphic Humor," newly opened at 12 Mapu Street, Tel Aviv. Even if they do not buy, they will enjoy browsing among the original drawings that went into the best of Israeli press cartoons in recent years.

The gallery is the brain-child of Pearl Solomon, originally from England, and she manages it herself. Its hours are 10.30 a.m. to 1.00 p.m., 4.30 to 7 p.m., and mornings only on Fridays. On Saturday, it is open after Shabbat.

You will find the best of Dosh, Ze'ev (from Ha'aretz), The Post's Dry Bones and Mair Roanen, Friedel, and others. The drawings are attractively framed. Prices vary with the size and the artist's reputation. The smaller Doshes and Ze'evs, for instance, sell for Ilii.500 framed, while the big Ze'evs go for Ilii.000. Tourists can pay in dollars and have the pictures sent to their homes abroad. □

MARTHA MEISELS



Hassidic kugel

CULINARY NOTES
Haim Shapiro

THE STORY is told of the Hassid and his wife who quarrelled. He always ate a salty kugel at the beginning of his Shabbat meal while his wife came from a home in which they ate a sweet kugel at the end of the meal.

The couple went to the Rebbe to settle their dispute and he advised them to eat two kugels, one sweet and one salty. To this day there are Hassidim who eat two kugels every Shabbat.

On Shavuot there is no such problem, for in keeping with the tradition of eating cheese dishes on this festival, the kugel will be a cheese one, which is both sweet and salty and is eaten either at the beginning nor at the end of a meal but as the main course.

There is no good explanation as to why we eat cheese on Shavuot, but one thing is certain: In contrast to other food customs brought from the Diaspora, this one is perfectly suited for Israel. Cheese is just the right food for our warm spring weather.

TO MAKE a cheese kugel, start by immersing a package of broad egg-noodles in a large pot of boiling, salted water. Drain them as soon as they are soft (about eight minutes) and rinse them well with cold water.

Mix the noodles with three beaten eggs, two-and-a-half containers of cottage cheese and 50 grams of melted butter. Season with a teaspoon of salt, half a cup of sugar, half a cup of raisins and a teaspoon of cinnamon.

Four the mixture into a large baking-dish and bake in a medium oven for an hour. Cut into slices and serve. If you like your kugel a bit sweeter, you might try it with a strawberry and brandy sauce.

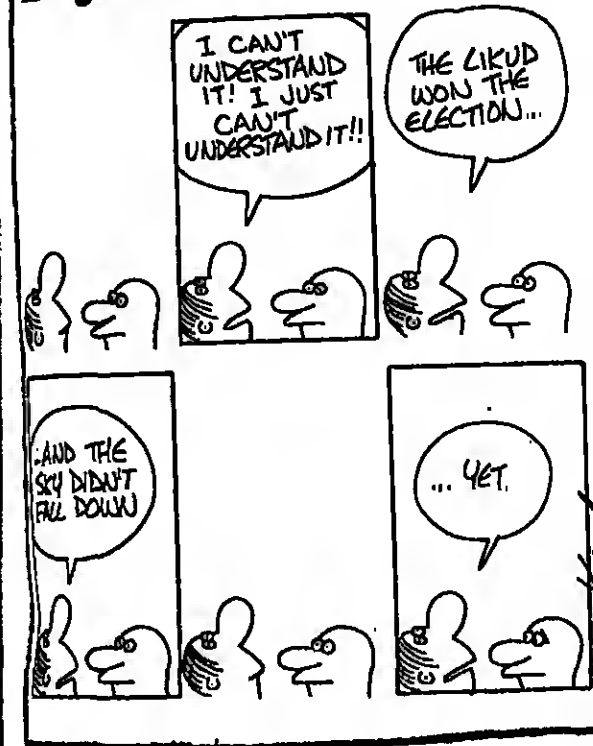
To make such a sauce, clean about half a kilo of small berries and dredge them with three-quarters of a cup of sugar. Leave them until the juice from the fruit has dissolved the sugar (about an hour).

Drain off the juice and cook it for five minutes. Add the berries and half a cup of brandy, and cook for another minute. Serve hot or warm. □

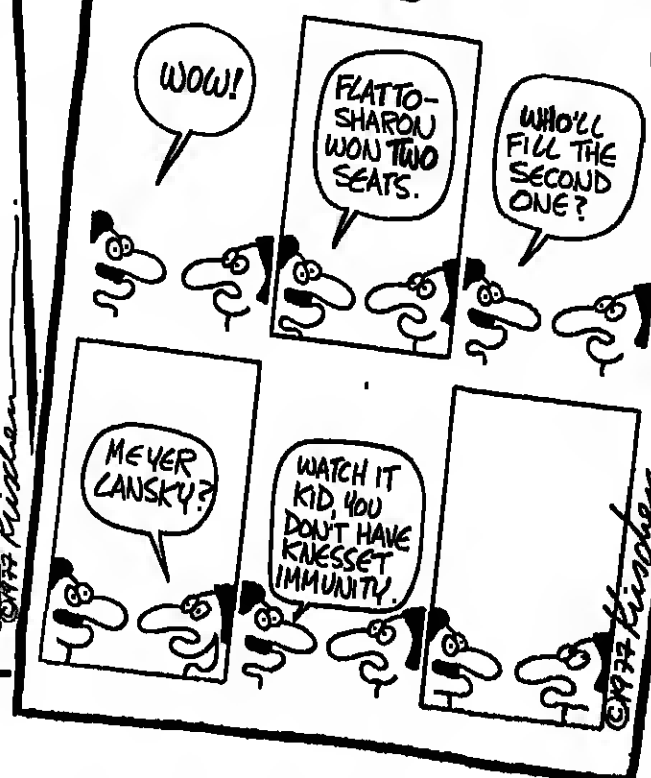
The Weekend Dry Bones

ONLY ONE DRYBONES PER DAY? AT A TIME LIKE THIS?! OKAY...SO THEY WON'T TURN OVER THE EDITORIAL PAGE TO US! SO WE'LL HAVE TO DO IT THIS WAY... BUT "COME THE REVOLUTION..."

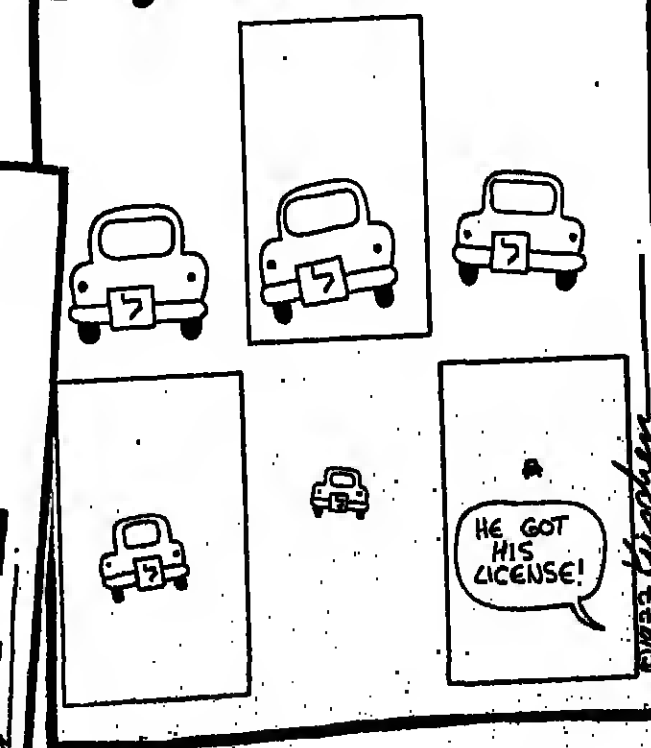
Dry Bones



Dry Bones



Dry Bones



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